

[APRIL,

April 2.

f CORN.

5, 1774.

el of 8 Gall.

Dats. Beans.

s. d. s. d.

2 1 3 4

ND.

2 5 3 7

2 5 4 1

2 5 3 9

2 5 4 0

3 3 3 0

3 3 3 9

3 3 3 7

0 3 3 3

1 0 3 10

4 3 9 9

4 4 3 3

3 4 3 3

3 4 11

3 4 11

7 4 7

6 4 11

3 4 6

6 4 1

5 4 4

5 3 3

AST.

2 3 6

1 3 1

4 3 1

10 3 6

1 3 6

2 3 6

3 3 9

1 4 3

3 3 8

3 4 2

0 3 10

4 7 0

2 3 8

2 3 2

774.

8 13 11

5 13 2

Big.

12 3

ment,

OKE.

South

o New

d. shut.

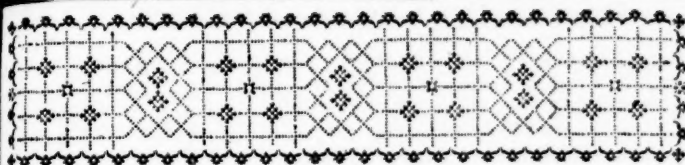
Ditto

1-hut.

Bills,

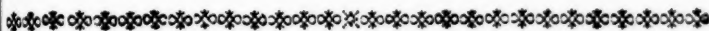
obers,

Morae.



THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

FOR
M A Y, 1774.



The SCRIBBLER, No. V,

— On the brink
Of fate ye stand—one step, and all is lost,

THOMSON.

I HAVE been lamenting for some time past, that my situation as a public writer, and the impartiality due to the favours of my scribbling correspondents, should have obliged me to publish so many severities against the LADIES, as those in the letters of my correspondent JUVENIS; but when I came to consider the matter seriously, and to compare his observations with the manners of the female world, I was concerned to find the picture so exact a copy of real life, and astonished that I had never before perceived the likeness.

I will not, however, pursue the subject any farther, as what has been already mentioned may (and I seriously hope it will) be a means of correcting those misleads, which have exposed them to the censures of men in general. — Spots (say the Chinese) are soonest seen on white paper; and the more agreeable is the person of a Lady, the greater is our concern, in finding her

manners faulty. I would wish my fair readers to preserve that degree of attention and respect from the men, which their outward perfections naturally excite, and as they are the most lovely part of the creation, so I would have them the most deserving. They may be assured, from the experience of an old man, that whatever pains they may take in ornamenting their persons, and in adding to the beauty of their appearance, yet if they are not equally studious for the improvement of their minds, they will have no other advantage from it than a momentary applause, and will be caressed by none but the effeminate, insipid coxcombs, whose only happiness consists in dress and trifling. Men of sense will pay no further regard to dress, than while it is regulated by decency and neatness; and can seldom be prevailed upon to seek the company of any woman, who has nothing to recommend her but a delicate complexion, or a gracefulness of person.

Since this is the case, then, let me offer

MISCELL. VOL. I.

E s

them

hem a word or two of advice, and point out to them a method by which they may recover their sinking fame, and may secure themselves from those fatal errors, by which too many have been undone.

Would you, my fair reader, gain the praise and esteem of judicious men, and secure the conquests which you are capable of making, let this short lesson be imprinted on your mind :

When you are first permitted to visit at large in the world, and the choice of your company and amusements is limited only by your own discretion, let it be your earnest care that no one be admitted as the partner of your pleasures, but upon the most serious and mature reflection ; give yourself time to examine into their principles, their character, and their conduct, nor suffer them to be called your friends, till they have proved their title to that appellation. There are few persons whose leading principle may not be traced in their general demeanor. The *wise* and *prudent* part of your sex, though extremely cautious against running into any impropriety, are open and without disguise in all their actions ; you will at all times find their conversation easy and agreeable ; and as a certainty of their own good intentions ever remains in their bosoms, they are free from the blushes of conscious guilt, nor know the fear of public detection : but the *fert*, the *giddy*, and the *self-conceited* females (with others of a class still more contemptible) betray themselves commonly by their own expressions, and expose the very failings they attempt to conceal.

To distinguish, then, between these opposites, is not a difficult task ; and when your judgment has given the preference to the *deserving* *seu*, let not their good opinion of you be forfeited by your own imprudence ; preserve them as your most valuable friends, and carefully attend to their steps.

Should the behaviour of any gentleman, with whom you chance to be in company, give you reason to think you have excited in him an affectionate regard for you, and that he is sensible of a passion which he has not the opportunity or the power of declaring,--add not to his sufferings by a contemptuous coldness, but endeavour to appear (at least when you are in company) as if you had not perceived it ;--he proba-

bly may be worthy of your affection, and a haughty disdain may be fatal to his happiness. And if a proper opportunity should afterwards offer for him to explain his sentiments, by no means prevent him from disclosing them ;--hear him with calmness, and answer him with sincerity. If you approve his passion, allow him the means of evincing to you, that he deserves that approbation, and encourage his addresses without fondness ;--but if his visit is unwelcome, or your heart is already fixed upon some other object, candidly inform him of it, nor suffer him to deceive himself by fruitless expectations. Let your distinction of him be accompanied with an easy politeness, but let the firmness of your refusal be such as may assure him you are serious.

When your choice is at length determined, and you have secured the esteem and affection of a worthy man, let not the most minute part of your conduct be construed into a triumph over his heart. It is your duty to convince him that you are pleased with his addresses, and you should be the more unreserved as you find him the more sincere. Endeavour to inform yourself of his true disposition, and as you will expect him to overlook your own failings, and to place your virtues in the most conspicuous light, be favourable also to his imperfections, and remember that *no* man is without them. And when an assurance of each other's regard shall encourage you to embrace the matrimonial tie, receive him as your husband with respectful tenderness, and employ all your diligence that the days of *marriage* be not more unpleasant than those of *love*.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

An ALLEGORICAL TALE.

TWO of the daughters of Providence were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velaſco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of the kingdom.

Prosperity, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and cheerful as the spring ; but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velaſco had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together

from

fection, and to his happiness; but love, before whom all affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both of them were become enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity. — The Nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but to avoid a particular declaration, she vowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and dreading every thing from their violence, to prevent ill consequences he obliged them by his authority to decide their pretensions by lot, each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the Nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn, and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials, Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix the house wherein he lived, and the greatest part of his large patrimony and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he clothed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he made rivers in his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions; he entertained at his table the Nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence; but his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by him unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight; and, in process of time, he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel, and loses itself among the valleys, unless confined by mounds, so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by economy. In a few years the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance; his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for

support to the Nobles and Great Men whom he had feasted, and made presents to; but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends he had neglected derided him in their turn; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled: — yet was his heart so bewitched with her forceries, that he pursued her with intreaties, till by her hate to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards, tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends who had not totally deserted him; and that he died in a short time poor, wretched, miserable, and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant on his steps; and, to aggravate his sorrows, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Libyan Straits; and, to complete all, the Banker, with whom the greater part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors, and retired into Sicily. — Collecting, therefore, the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and led by Adversity, he passed through unfrequented roads, and forests overgrown with bushes.

He came at last to a small village, at the foot of a mountain; here they took up their abode for some time; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, ministered to him the most faithful counsel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the Almighty, and to place his whole trust and happiness in his government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distresses of his fellow creatures, and instructed him to relieve them.

“I am sent (says she) to those only who are the favourites of Heaven; for I net

only train them up by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to receive with a greater relish all such moderate enjoyments as are not inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in his innmost web, so the mind which I assist, contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. Prosperity, my smiling, but treacherous sister, too often delivers those whom she has seduced, to be scourged by her cruel followers, Anguish and Despair; while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be entrusted by her to the blissful habitations of Tranquility and Content."

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated, and at last he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of philosophers, That those who want the fewest things are the happiest. She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who lived in pomp and splendor; and, instead of supplicating for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, and a quiet state, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured with her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner:

"As gold is purged and refined from the dross by the fire, so is Adversity sent by Providence to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished, and I now leave you, to go and give account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was Prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio that his lot was Adversity; and, if he remembers her as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy."

As she pronounced these words, she vanished out of his sight; but though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to disfigure a kind of languishing beauty—yet as Uranio,

in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return.—But, though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy in the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandize, and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyment of life, he retreated to a little farm which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry; in quelling all disorderly passions, and informing his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honey suckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door, in large characters, was this Inscription:

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,

Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.
Say you, who dare this happy place disdain,
What splendid palace boasts so fair a train.

He lived to a good old age, and died honoured and lamented.

A TRANSIENT SURVEY

OF THE

SEVERAL KINGDOMS, COUNTRIES, and INHABITANTS, in ASIA.

ARABIA, whose capital is Mecca, 2640 miles S. E. of London. The Arabians, near Muscat, are reckoned brave, of a civil and honest deportment, to all sorts of people. The natives in general, in the other parts of this country, are much taken notice of for their rambling from place to place; and this not in small parties only, but also in many places in great companies, with their Prince at their head.

PERSIA. Isfahan is the capital, 2550 miles East of London. The Persians are generally acknowledged to be men of bright parts, and abundance of vivacity, fond of glory, and very courageous; and as they were formerly observed to be the most civil and obliging of all men, they retain the same happy disposition to this day, especially

especially to foreigners, who admire their hospitality, benevolence, and the great command they have of their passions.— They are great enemies to fraud, are meek, peaceable, and modest. Amongst their studies, Moral Philosophy seems to be more cultivated than the rest. These people shew a perfect resignation under all misfortunes, and speak of death, and suffer it, with great evenness of temper; as most moral virtues seem to be deeply impressed on their minds.

INDIA, whose capital is Agra, is 3780 miles East of London. The inhabitants of this vast Empire are to be distinguished into Moors or Moguls, and Pagans or original Indians. The Moors or Moguls are a mixture of Tartars, Persians, and Arabs, whose characters may be seen under their respective heads. The original Indians, who are by much the greatest number of the inhabitants of this Empire, are certainly as polite and ingenious a people, and as peaceable, humble, inoffensive in their behaviour, as are to be found on the face of the Earth. They are also extremely tender and compassionate, even to animals and the vilest insects. What cruelty and other vices they have, they learnt from the Christians, who have been more their plunderers than protectors. As for courage, they are not very remarkable; however, few people preserve a more equal temper at the approach of death. The natives of Siam, which is a part of India, have a ready and clear conception, and their repartees are quick and smart; they imitate any thing at sight very well, and are neither lascivious or intemperate; nor will wanton discourse pass for wit, or be taken for sublimity of genius. They are polite and courteous, and their minds are always calm, being blessed with a great command of their passions. They are great lovers of their families; their children are said to be very engaging, and of a sweet temper.— The Tonquinese, another people of this vast Empire, are courteous and obliging to strangers, especially the trading part of them, and mighty fair dealers; very ingenious and diligent, and patient in adversity.

CHINA is a vast Empire, whose capital City is Peking, 4380 miles from London.— The Chinese are a very polite, ingenious people; but it seems they use such art to

conceal their vices, that a stranger would be induced to believe they are all men of strict virtue. They continually apply themselves to discover the inclinations, humours, and tempers of those they have any commerce with; and no people know better how to insinuate themselves into the good opinion of those they deal with.— Their religion is a system of fine animated morality, laid down by the great Confucius.

GREAT TARTARY belongs to the Chinese, Russians, and several independent Princes. Chinyan is the capital of Chinese Tartary, 4480 miles East of London. Samarchand is the chief City of Independent Tartary, 2800 miles East of London. Tobolsky is the chief City of Muscovite or Russian Tartary, 2412 miles North-east of London. We know very little of the character of the inhabitants of this vast country, that can be depended on, only that the Tartars, in the road from Tobolsky to China, are reckoned more substantial than the neighbouring parts, and very hospitable. The Circassians are also extremely civil to strangers that travel that way, and will not suffer them to pay any thing for the entertainment of themselves, horses, or servants, but will even contend frequently who shall have the honour of treating them. The Japanese, who are the natives of this Island, are reckoned very fair in their dealings, and very ingenious; of quick apprehension, and good understanding, modest and courteous; they are careful to insinuate into the minds of their children a love of glory and virtue, and are not covetous of much riches, contenting themselves with a competency. They observe a decorum in their common conversation, avoiding all loose or vain expressions, and detraction. Jedo is the capital City, 4950 miles from London. The natives of these, called the Philippine Islands, are an ingenious, witty people, civil to strangers, and make a genteel appearance. The Japanese are very abstemious, and have the character of being fierce and haughty.— The people of Macassar have excellent memories, and are very quick of apprehension. They seem to be blessed with just notions of honour and friendship; and there are instances of many of them, who have relieved and maintained people in distress, and have even suffered them to share

share their estates. They are unhappy in being very subject to passion; but it is soon over, and then they will condemn themselves for not conquering that weakness.—There are no people more addicted to arms and hardy enterprizes, enduring fatigues as well as any people whatever. The inhabitants of the Island, called Borneo, are in general quick of apprehension, and extremely inquisitive, and will learn any thing with a great deal of ease. They are held to be people of a very peaceable disposition, and seldom or never quarrel. The people of the Island of Sumatra do not seem to have any thing of a character like some of the former; they are said not to want genius, but diligence to apply themselves to arts and sciences. The people of Ceylon do not want courage, and are men of quick parts, complaisant and insinuating in their address; naturally grave, and of an even temper, not easily moved; and when they happen to be in a passion, soon reconciled again; are very temperate in eating and drinking, and do not indulge in their sleep.

[*Science Improved.*]

THE TEMPLE OF MATRIMONY.

A VISION.

NOTHING is more common than for the discourse or thought of the day to operate upon the fancy in the hours of sleep. The marriage of an old acquaintance, rather beyond his meridian, to a sprightly girl of 17, called me from my retreat a short time ago, to spend a day of mirth with my friend; and as I am naturally of a *contemplative*, rather than a *lively* turn of mind, I could not but remark the impropriety of those Marriages, where the age, disposition, or fortune of both parties are not wholly suited to each other.

At my return home in the evening, I again relapsed into those ideas, which had often been broke in upon by the company, and when I went to bed the following scene presented itself to my imagination.

I found myself in the midst of a spacious building, which was crowded with a variety of persons of both sexes; and, on enquiry, was told it was the Temple of the God of

Marriage, and that every one who had an inclination to sacrifice to that Deity, was invited to approach to a large altar, which was covered with a great number of cakes of different shapes and appearances. Some were strewed with sugar, and stuck about with sweetmeats; some were covered with gold; some were stamped with coronets; and others had their tops embellished with glittering toys, that represented a fine house, a set of jewels, a coach-and-fix, and the like. Cupid and Plutus were busily employed in distributing the cakes (which were all marked with the word Matrimony, and called Bride-cakes) to different persons, who were all allowed to chuse for themselves, according to their different views and inclinations.

I observed several hasten to the altar, who all appeared to be differently affected by their choice.—To some the cakes seemed of so delicious a flavour, as that they should never be satisfied; while others, who found the taste very agreeable at first, in a short time declared it too flat and insipid: however, I remarked that many more (particularly among the Quality) addressed themselves to Plutus than to Cupid.

Being desirous to take a nearer view of the company, I pushed through the croud, and placed myself close to the altar.—A young couple advanced, and applied to Cupid, desiring him to reach them one of the cakes in the shape of a double heart, thrust through with a dart; but just as they were going to share it between them, a crabbed old fellow, whom I found to be the girl's father, stepped up, broke the cake in two, and obliged the young lady to fix on another, which Plutus picked out for her, and which represented the figure of a Fine Gentleman, in gilt gingerbread.

An old fellow of sixty-two, who had stolen one day from the 'Change and the Alley, next came toward the altar, and seemed to have a desire to have a cake:—Plutus, who recollected him at first sight, presently offered him one, which, though very mouldy and coarse, was gilt all over; but he was astonished at the old gentleman's refusing it, and petitioning Cupid for one of the most elegant form and sweetest ingredients of any on the altar.—The little god at first repulsed him with indignation, but afterwards sold it to him

for a large sum of money—a circumstance which amazed me beyond expression; but which I soon found was very commonly practised in this temple. The old fellow retired with his purchased prize; and tho' I imagined he might still have a colt's tooth remaining, after having for some time mumbled it between his old gums in vain, it lay by him untouched and unenjoyed.

I was afterwards very much disgusted with the many instances that occurred of these delicate morsels being set to sale. I found that the price rose and fell, like that of beef or mutton, according to the glut or scarcity of the market. I was particularly affected with the disposal of the two following:—A young gentleman and a lady were approaching the altar, and had agreed to take betwixt them a cake of a plain form, but delicious flavour, marked Love and Competence; but a person of quality stepping forwards, persuaded the false female to join with him, and receive from Plutus a rich glittering cake, marked Indifference, and a large Settlement. Another Lady was coming up with a Knight of the Bath, being tempted with a cake, with a Red Ribband streaming from it, like the flags on a Twelfth Cake—but was prevailed on by a person of greater rank and distinction to accept of a more showy cake, adorned with a Red Ribband, and Coronet.

A buxom dame, of amorous complexion, came next, and begged very hard for a cake. She had before received several, which suited her tooth, and pleased her palate so excessively, that as soon as she had dispatched one, she constantly came to Cupid for another. She now seized her cake with transport, and retiring to a corner with it, I could easily discern her greedily mumbing the delicious morsel, though she had fairly worn six and twenty of her teeth in the service.

After this an ancient lady come tottering up to the altar, supported by a young fellow in a red coat, with a shoulder-knot.—Plutus gave him a stale cake, marked with the word Jointure, in golden capitals—while the old lady eagerly snatched another from Cupid, (who turned his head aside from her) on which I could plainly discover the word Dotage.

The NECESSITY of
GOOD BEHAVIOUR,
In PARENTS, and HEADS OF FAMILIES.

AS nothing tends more to the prejudice of young people's conduct in life, than bad examples from parents; so nothing conduces more to deprave the sentiments, and vitiate youthful minds, than the frequent hearing of loose conversation, lewd and vicious insinuations, &c. from persons, whom both by nature and duty they are biassed to think well of, and be influenced by:—Of this the following Character is a striking example:

Last night having received a most pressing invitation from an old relation of mine, I went and supped at his house.—The company consisted of his lady, his son, and his two daughters, a very eminent clergyman in the city, and myself. My friend is one of those people, who having made a gay figure in the world, is still ambitious of spreading the May-bloom of twenty-five upon the winter of threescore; and desirous of displaying, in the fulness of his spirits, that sprightliness and vivacity which time has relentlessly taken from his person: with this view he is everlastingly aiming at double entendres, and will not even hesitate to crack his indelicate ambiguities upon his children. On the contrary, he often attacks his daughters with a vein of the most culpable levity, and tells them, when the poor young ladies are ready to sink with shame and mortification, that they know very well what he means, and that he is perfectly sensible they are both languishing for husbands.

As my old friend suffers me to take more liberties with him than he can bear from any body else, I always endeavour to keep him in a little order; and this renders my visits uncommonly welcome to his family. Last night I managed him pretty well, and we had not above ten or a dozen indelicacies during supper time: but the cloth was no sooner removed, than he cried, "Come, Mr. —, I'll give you a toast;" this was what the ladies extremely apprehended, and they all instantly rose up from table, with an abruptness that would have astonished a stranger prodigiously, and darted out of the room; upon this he burst into a loud laugh, and slapping me on the shoulder with an air of extraordinary

naty

nary satisfaction, exclaimed, "Well, my boy, you see I am still old truepenny, and tho' to the full as heavily laden with years as yourself, have fifty times your spirits, and can set the women a-going whenever I think proper." Then turning round to the clergyman and pointing to his son, he asked, with an arch significance of countenance, "Do you think, Doctor, that fellow will be a quarter the man I am when he comes to my age—hey—what say you petticoats." The gentleman replied, he believed not; and my friend ordered us to fill a bumper directly, for he still piques himself upon being able to drink a couple of bottles of an evening.

When our glasses were charged, "Now, (says he) I'll give you a toast;" he did so with a witness; and totally forgetting the presence of his son, the profession of the clergyman, and the sobriety of my character, gave what would scarcely have issued from the underbred intoxication of an Irish chairman in a night-cellar. For my own part, I turned round in disgust, the clergyman wiped his face, and the son stooped to buckle his shoe, in order to avoid the disagreeable necessity of blushing for his father, whose behaviour was no less ill-timed than it was illiberal. I was in hopes that the visible dissatisfaction which we all manifested on this occasion, would have kept my antiquated buck in a little order for the remainder of the evening: but here I was miserably mistaken; every glass brought on a fresh scene of obicenity, and produced a fresh question, whether he was not the heartiest cock, of his years, in the universe. The lowest amours of his youthful days were raked up with the most paltry degree of ostentation; and he seemed to gain a new share of life from the mere reputation of these circumstances, which should have made him sorry that he ever should have lived at all.

Youth is but a poor excuse for any man's playing the fool; but no palliation can possibly be urged, where a grey head is striving to re-exist in the remembrance of former vices, and is desirous of preserving the same reputation for extravagancies in the deepening years, which render him contemptible to the thinking part of the world, when a boy of nineteen. If a man is really desirous of being respected in the decline of life, he must act in such a manner

as to deserve the universal esteem of his acquaintance; instead of deviating into ribaldry, he must make an absolute display of his good sense, and build his applause upon the rectitude of his own sentiments, instead of applying to the depravity of ours.

On the Properties of AIR,

And its PRESSURE on the HUMAN BODY.

THE Air is made up of three different kinds of corpuscles, viz. 1st. Of those numberless and minute particles, which in the form of vapours and dry exhalations, ascend from the earth, waters, minerals, vegetables, animals, &c.—in short, of whatever substances that are elevated by the celestial or subterraneous heat, and thence diffused into the atmosphere.—2d. Of a still more subtle matter, consisting of those exceedingly minute atoms, the magetical effluvia of the earth, with other innumerable particles sent from the bodies of the celestial luminaries, and causing by their impulse the idea of light in us.—3dly. Of an elastic substance, which is the basis of all the other parts, and constituting the true essence of Air, concerning the structure of which, various hypotheses have been framed; some have resembled these elastic particles to the spring of watches coiled up, and endeavouring to restore themselves; others to flocks of wool, which being compressed, have an elastic force, and others to slender wires of different substances, consistences, &c. yet all springy, expandible, and compressible; we have several curious experiments to prove this wonderful property of Air.—Tie up a little Air in a bladder, and put it under the receiver of an Air-pump, and when the external Air is pumped out, the internal Air in the bladder will expand, and thus swell so as to fill it, and even thin square phials well stopped will break to pieces, when once the external Air is pumped away from them. Many more instances of this kind might be produced, which infallibly prove the elasticity of the Air. 'Tis a curious and pleasing experiment to *weigh the Air*, which is performed with an Air-pump, by exhausting the Air from a Florence cask that has a valve fitted to prevent the external Air from

from

of his ac-
g into ri-
ite display
s appaule
entiments,
ravity of

+++++

R,
UMAN

e different
Of those
which in
tulations,
minerals,
short, of
ted by the
nd thence
ad. Of a
t of those
agnetical
numera-
es of the
by their
gdy. Of
asis of all
the true
ecture of
ve been
se elastic
oiled up,
mselves;
ing com-
others to
es, con-
panible,
curious
ful pro-
Air in a
ver of an
al Air is
ne blad-
as to fill
stopped
e exter-
Many
he pro-
e elasti-
and plea-
which is
exhaust-
at has a
al Air
from

from rushing in. First, weigh the flask thus void of Air, then open the valve, the external Air will force in, then weigh again the flask, and it will be considerably heavier.— Thus you will find a quart of Air in general weighs about seventeen grains, subject to some little variation, in proportion as the weather is more dull or bright. For the spring of the Air is sometimes found to sustain a pillar of Mercury thirty-one inches high in the Barometer, when at other times it will only raise the Mercury to the height of twenty-eight inches.— Taking therefore twenty-nine inches and an half for the general height of the quicksilver, a column of it, whose base is one square inch, weighs about fifteen pounds, which is the equal pressure of Air upon every square inch.

Hence, supposing the surface of a man's body to be $14\frac{1}{2}$ square feet, the Air sustained by him will be 32,320 pounds, or nearly fourteen tons: A vast weight!— Was it not for the *wise disposal* of things, this pressure would be insupportable to man; but Providence has so ordered, that the internal Air by its spring is an equipoise to the external pressure, and we are not incommoded by it; but when the Air is lightest, it will be only 13 tons, and when heaviest 14 tons,—the difference of which is one ton, equal to 2000 pounds, wherewith we are more compressed at one time than another.

This grand difference of pressure must affect our health. If a person be asthmatical, he will find his disorder increase with the levity of the Air. The reason why we think the air is lightest in fine weather, when it is really the heaviest, is because the great pressure constringes, or braces, the fibres and nerves; and thus assisting their elasticity, makes us more vigorous than ordinary; whereas, on the contrary, when this pressure is lessened by near 2500lb. the fibres are relaxed, and a gloomy, lifeless heaviness ensues. The nerves require either pressure or extension. Few laborious people are troubled with nervous complaints: their daily bread is acquired by that exercise which keeps their nerves and fibres in their requisite extension, which affords them that health, and flow of animal spirits, that the luxurious so much wish for, but are ever deprived of. Their inactivity will not inspire the nervous system to its proper

tone. Thus we see the bounty and impartiality of Providence; those that are compelled to simple diet, and useful labour, are rewarded with firm and robust constitutions, whilst the voluptuous and idle are enervated, and obliged to fly to medicines for that fallacious assistance which can only be found in temperance and exercise.

Air, in some cases, tho' very rarely, is subject to the light, or may be perceived by the eye. Thus, when you are placed upon an eminence, or rising ground, in some open parts of the country, in a situation nearly facing the sun, on a hot summer's day, then if there be gentle wind, or motion of the Air, it will be shewn by reflection of light from the body of Air in the vale below, and you will as perfectly see the undulations of waves of Air almost as you may those of water agitated by a gentle wind.

+++++

Some Sketches of Mr. GARRICK.

Illustrated with a Representation of that great ACTOR, in FOUR PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS in TRAGEDY.

SO many pens have already been employed in treating of Mr. Garrick, both as an Actor and Writer, and in glean- ing every little circumstance and anecdote of his life, that there is scarcely any thing left, in the *common* field of information, whereby we might avail ourselves, and add to the curious store.—The following sketches, however, appear to be in a *new* dress; and as Mr. Garrick, on the close of the season, is retiring from the stage, and there is a report that he will no more perform in public, we presume the Plate with which they are illustrated will be particularly seasonable, as it will, in a great degree, recall and fix on the mind those images and impressions which gave so much pleasure in the representation.

GENIUS, in a tour he made through England some years ago, met with a young gentleman in Staffordshire, of about fifteen years old, whom he took at first sight for his own natural son, though he was in reality the son of an officer in the army.— However, the resemblance when they were together was so striking, that every body took notice of it, and *Genius* was as fond of him as if he had been his own flesh and

F f

blood.

blood. The young gentleman was not behind-hand in affection, which his relations saw with concern, and determined to put an end to whilst it was in their power. To accomplish this design, they quarrelled with *Genius*, and forbid him their house, who took his leave of them and his dear boy with sorrow too big for utterance.—The young gentleman's feelings, upon the separation, we are assured, were not less tender. His friends, in order to dissipate this unaccountable passion for *Genius*, and to initiate him likewise into the nature of trade, sent him to Lisbon, where he stayed the stipulated time, and then returned to England to carry on the business of a wine-merchant.

But Providence ordered it otherwise—such parts and abilities were never intended for trade, though he would have cut a figure in any of the learned professions.—He was scarcely fixed in his new vocation, when going one day to the Custom-house, he met with *Genius*, whom he instantly embraced, and vowed never more to part with. No, said the young trader, now I have once again found thee, not all the arguments of friends, or entreaties of relations, though strengthened by the filial obligations I owe to those who gave me birth, shall ever force me from thee. I find a kind of intuition while I am speaking to thee that bears me above myself, and tells me that the humblest poverty with thee, would be preferable to affluence without thee.

The expressive and emphatical manner in which he pronounced these words, immediately pointed out to *Genius*, the road in life that Nature had best fitted him for. "My dear boy (says *Genius*) believe me, *there is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune*—your tide of flood is already come, and if you will permit me to steer your little bark through the ocean of the world, you will acquire riches and fame, the two great stakes that mere mortals contend for."

Genius then brought his pupil (whom he was not a little proud of) to the house of *Common Sense*, where *Prudence* was an old female domestic. They were both prejudiced in favour of GARRICK (for that was his name) upon his first visit, but for very different reasons. *Prudence* was mightily pleased to see the seed of frugality sprouting

forth in so young a man; while *Common Sense* was charmed with the quickness of his apprehension—his perspicuity—the fire of his eye, and the action of his body, which so justly corresponded with what came from his mouth. *Prudence* took every opportunity to inculcate her sober doctrine on the subjects of œconomy and discretion, and to guard him against extravagance of every kind; and *Common Sense* admonished him to be aware of sycophants and flatterers, and to be as indifferent, as human nature would let him, to all popular, noisy applause. But the maxims of *Prudence* seemed to make the deepest impression on the mind of young Garrick.

Genius carried him sometimes to see *Truth* and *Wisdom*; but they lived altogether with *Wit* and *Humour*, except that Garrick stole from them every now and then to visit *Prudence*—a thing pretty extraordinary in so young a man, and which was a strong indication of that passion which always increases with years.

Soon afterwards *Genius* and his Disciple absconded, and were not heard of for some weeks; when the latter appeared in a capital part in Tragedy, at the Theatre in Goodman's-fields. It seems *Genius* had first brought him upon the stage in the country, that he might be less shocked when he came before a London audience; and so well tutored had he been by his master, that the spectators imagined, from his easy deportment, that he had been an actor for many years. He did not exhibit long at this Theatre, so remote from the polite part of the town. The crowds that followed him there, soon made it the interest of one of the Managers of the Theatre-Royal to engage him. He performed for some years both at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane Theatres, and at length became Patentee of the latter, where he not only acquired what *Genius* had promised him, but reformed both the stage and the actors; among whom he introduced (those strangers to them before) Sobriety, Civility, and Oeconomy.

It is needless to enter into a description of his excellencies as an Actor; for besides the difficulty of doing him justice, the public have long been acquainted with them, and do not want to be told what they have so often seen with infinite pleasure and delight.

Fick
T
and they
lead
death
and a
avidit
are o
we n
well
gory
foll
Fo
the
the
try,
and
T
their
athe
with
T
firs
fimo
rum
die
I
gen
gio
ter
cor
up
and
circ
an
W
M
tic
Pi
th
ra
in
ev
na
th
th
in
ti
u
an
a
F

An ESSAY on the

Fickle Disposition of the ENGLISH.

THERE is certainly nothing so very fickle in the world as the natural and general dispositions of Englishmen: they are fond of all novelties, whether they lead to fame or destruction, fortune or death. Every thing new hath its charms, and all things are pursued with an equal avidity. Their prejudices and affections are of much the same duration, and when we mean to describe any other people as well as our own, I do not know any allegory so applicable as the *igneus* one that follows.

For example, I have always compared the French to the fuel of their own country, *faggots*, which kindle quick,—blaze,—and soon burn out.

The Dutch are slow in lighting, like their *turfs*; but burn well to their very ashes, which hold a heat to the very last without blazing at all.

The English are like their own sea-coal fires, which catch quick, make a great smoke; but if they are not continually rumbled and stirred with the poker, they die away and soon go out.

It is thus with our vices and follies in general, our tenets and passions for religion or politics: we catch any new matter in a moment; but, unless we are kept continually roused, stirred, and poked up, we forget the business we began upon, and the most material, or the most trifling circumstances of life, are but the wonder and roar of nine days.

To-day we throw up our greasy caps for Wilkes; to-morrow he passes from the Mansion-house to Prince's-court unnoticed. To-day, who is so great as Mr. Pitt? to-morrow, who so disregarded? Our passions of hatred and admiration are much the same: in the year 1745 we were all rage and blood against the *Scotch rebels*; in the year 1774 we confer every dignity, every honour, every lucrative situation, nay, restore to the sons the identical estates that their fathers forfeited in arms against *this country*. The people of England are in some respects just observers of the Christian doctrine; for, after receiving one blow upon the cheek, they will turn their faces and take a second. In our *charities* we are as variable as our pleasures: when the Foundling hospital was first established, it

was the fashion to frequent it and subscribe to it. Every lady of quality made it a part of her day's amusement to attend it, and every old finner that died left something towards the support of it. New hospitals rising into the air took off the zeal for this, though at first dukes and duchesses were sponsors for the Foundling children: all the fashion was for the Foundling; plays were written and so called, and odes, novels and romances, all took their subjects and their titles from this laudable institution. A new charity again soon turned the tide of charitable and religious fashion. Mr. Robert Dingley introduced a new object for the attention of the polite, and he built a house to invite prostitutes to repentance, and called it by the sober name of the *Magdalene*. This tickled the fancy of the belles of quality, and the pulpit thunder of Dr. Dodd, with the idea of seeing repentant beauty, drew all the world to subscribe and frequent this new institution.

The *Magdalene* had scarcely turned out a dozen saints, before the *Asylum* started up at Westminster-bridge on another plan; and, though the old *Magdalene* house was deserted, and a new one was built in St. George's-fields, nevertheless the novelty of the *Asylum* took away the attention from the other.

Preaching is a fashion as well as other things: one day they gallop after Romaine, then after Wesley, then after Dodd, and next after Madan. Pleasures are also of equal fluctuation: Ranelagh was ravishing; now they are all for the Pantheon. Carlisle-house was once incantation; now it is the opera and *the Heinel*; and he who has not seen her *swivel* round on the velvet toe is reckoned a savage of the first class, and totally unfit for the company of the gentlemen and ladies of the true *bon ton* and *savoir vivre*.

These whimsies are not confined within any bounds: they prevail in every thing, and over every thing: they reign in our dresses, our words, our very diets; no people can be so capricious. The French are accused of possessing more levity than any other people—without allowing them one certain virtue which we have not, *they are constant in their follies*.

One half year we all wear little hats, little coats, little swords, little wigs, short shoes, little buckles, and little heads.

Whisk goes the change of fashion, and in an instant, as if we were metamorphosed by order of the Lord Chamberlain, we come forth in large hats, large wigs, large buckles, long coats, long swords, high shoes, and large heads.

One day we are all turtle-mad, another day we run after *pils* and *curry*, then after the *fricandeaux*; now raving for French dishes, next hunting after German cooks, and then dying for Italian *macaronie*.

I cannot define who is the grand *fashion-verker*; but he hath us all as much under his command as Torè hath the fireworks: he hath only occasion to touch the train, and whiz we go off like gunpowder.

There cannot be a favourite long with the English: they love darlings, but they must not have them long. A man who would wish to remain in their good graces, should be as reclusive as possible, and only come forth like the sun, that has been under a cloud, to be admired the more.

A man who is the idol of the people, without an error may become their neglect; and he who is their hatred, by a steady perseverance, may regain their favour.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

LITERARY ANECDOTES of The late Dr. GOLDSMITH.

WE have in vain looked into all our public prints for some biographical anecdotes of the late Dr. Goldsmith, whose reputation, when living, as a Poet, Playwright, Essayist, and Compiler, have rendered his death an object of public attention. Some of his friends, or intimates, indeed, have given us a faint outline of the first part of his life; but the public are yet to learn the incidents which laid the foundation of his future fame and success.

These tell us that he was born in Ireland; was entered a Student in Trinity College, Dublin, where he took a Bachelor's degree; that he set up Physician in a country town in England, but not meeting with encouragement, went from thence to the University of Edinburgh, where he attended the Professors in the different branches of medicine with great assiduity; that he went from Edinburgh to the Continent, and travelled over most parts of Holland, France, Switzerland, and Germany; and on his return to England, was

employed as an usher by the late Rev. Dr. Milner, who kept an academy at Peckham. Here too his laudable endeavours proved unsuccessful; owing, perhaps, to some unfavourable peculiarity in his manner and deportment. Finding him to have a turn to literature, Dr. Milner warmly recommended him to a Bookfeller in the city as a promising young author. Mr. Goldsmith's aspect, deportment, and awkward manner of expressing himself in conversation, were such as rather tended to prejudice the Bookfeller against him; nevertheless, out of regard to Dr. Milner's recommendation, he took Mr. Goldsmith into employment.

It was at the close of the year 1759, that the Doctor first became a candidate for employment among the Bookfellers. At this time Dr. (then Mr.) Goldsmith lived in a miserable one-pair-of-stairs room, in Green-Arbour Court, near the Old Bailey, and where he continued to live till about the middle of the year 1762. During this time he wrote for the British Magazine, (of which Dr. Smollett was then Editor) most of those Essays and Tales, which he afterwards collected and published in a separate volume. He also wrote occasionally for the Critical Review; and it was the merit which he discovered in criticizing a despicable translation of Ovid's *Fasts*, by a pedantic Schoolmaster; and his *Enquiry into the present state of polite Learning in Europe*, (a small octavo, published by Doddsley) which first introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollett, who afterwards recommended and introduced him to several Literati, and most of the respectable Bookfellers, by whom he was afterwards patronized. Among these, the Doctor's most fortunate connection was with the celebrated Mr. John Newbery, of philanthropical memory, who (being a principal proprietor) engaged him at a salary of 100*l.* per annum, to write a paper (on the plan of the *Spectator*) for the Public Ledger, which he executed under the title of the *Citizen of the World*; and which papers were afterwards collected and published in two volumes. On his embarking in this undertaking, he quitted his hovel in Green Arbour Court, and removed to an elegant apartment, in Wine-office Court, Fleet-street; dropped the plain Mr. and was afterwards known as Dr. Goldsmith. Here he wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*—The His-

the Rev. Dr. Peckham, who proved to some un-
 manner and have a turn
 only recom-
 the city as a
 Goldsmith's
 rd manner
 tion, were
 the Book-
 out of re-
 dation, he
 yment.
 1759, that
 didate for
 ellers. At
 Smith lived
 room, in
 ld Bailey,
 till about
 uring this
 zine, (of
 tor) most
 he after-
 a separate
 nally for
 the merit
 g a despi-
 by a pe-
 quiry into
 in Europe,
 (Dodley)
 acquaint-
 wards re-
 to several
 le Book-
 ds patro-
 or's most
 the cele-
 lanthro-
 ipal pro-
 of 1701,
 the plan
 Ledger,
 le of the
 h papers
 ublished in
 g in this
 in Green
 elegant
 t, Fleet-
 was af-
 Here
 The His-
 1773

story of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son—The History of Mecklenburg—The Preface to Dr. Brooke's System of Natural History—and a variety of other pieces for Booksellers and Printers. Indeed, his name was almost wholly unknown to any other persons, till the publication of his *Traveller*, which established his reputation, and extended his connections to persons in a higher sphere of life.

From this time (when he lived in the Temple, where he died) he numbered the first literary Personages in this kingdom among his friends and acquaintance; but it was to Mr. Bickerstaff, whose pilfered Love in a Village made its appearance much about the same time, that he owed the representation of his *Good-natured Man* at Covent-Garden Theatre, and his future intimacy with the Managers of both Theatres. The Public are acquainted with most of his other publications since that period; as after the success of his *Traveller*, and *Deserted Village*, the Book-sellers always amply paid him for owning his productions.

He had lately formed a wild plan of an *Encyclopedie*, in which, however, he could not persuade one Bookseller to be concerned, knowing that he had not the perseverance necessary for such an extensive and laborious work. His *System of Natural History* was actually completed before his death, and he has left a *Grecian History* nearly finished.

His death was occasioned by a Fever, which attacked him on the 25th of March, and carried him off on the 4th of April.

In his private character he was generous, friendly, and humane; but vain, indolent, and unthinking. His speech was pompous, and his manner pedantic.—While he was possessed of any money, he devoted himself entirely to indolence; and never thought of resuming or performing any literary engagements with printers or booksellers, till he had exhausted it on his own necessities, or those of any distressed object that solicited his assistance. In a word, he was a good-natured, feeling, thoughtless man; a pleasing writer;—and no man's enemy but his own *.

[*West. Mag.*]

* The History of a Philosophic Vagabond, in the Vicar of Wakefield, is said to contain the outlines of his own life.

ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP,

Written by the late Dr. GOLDSMITH.

(Never published in his Works.)

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon, and less understood, than that of Friendship: to follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from Friendship, dissolve the connection, and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind; they persuade us to friendship, which we find impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetener of life, under proper regulations, is, by their means, rendered inaccessible or uneasy. It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in some measure, make itself; a similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens, as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good-nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of, it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate Friendship, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings, which dependance gathers round us, is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly wish the term of their connections more nearly equal; and, where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron, only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds, only increases their burthen; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought from riches; and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round

round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits and protestations of Friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept; but, while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed; for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, solicited by a variety of other claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed, that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into ingratitude; and such indeed in the common acceptance of the world it was. Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence.—The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune, with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and, by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that state of life, from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity:

“Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of Vespasian, made many campaigns together, and a participation of danger at length bred an union of hearts. They were remarked through the whole army, as the two friendly brothers; they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued without interruption till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a Centurion under the famous John, who headed a particular party of the Jewish malecontents.

“From this moment, their former love was converted into the most inveterate en-

mity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and fought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews, to which the mean soldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the Temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it; the whole Temple was in flames, and thousands were seen amidst them, within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation of things, that the now-successful soldier saw his former friend, upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and unable to withstand the impulse, he ran spreading his arms, and crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The Centurion from above heard and obeyed, and, casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.”

[Univ. Mag.]

The INSIPIDITY and PROFLIGACY of the present SONGSTERS.

IN the infancy of English poetry, though the versification of our bards was naturally rough and inharmonious, still the elevation of sentiment and morality of design, which breathed through all their compositions, rendered them always passable, and frequently entertaining and instructive. But in these politer times, when every man is either a critic or a poet, sentiment and design are equally disregarded; if a little smoothness in the numbers, and a little chaltity in the rhimes are attended to, we never once trouble our heads about entertainment or instruction, but go on through thirty and forty lines of luscious insipidity,

with

[MAY
 es to oppo-
 ther's livel
 . In this
 e than two
 and ani-
 rit of aver-
 t party of
 oldier be-
 ns, it be-
 , with all
 . History
 ture of the
 erb edifice,
 red round
 in flames,
 list them,
 as in this
 successful
 on the bat-
 looking
 dy to be
 is former
 the man
 ; and un-
 e, he ran
 out to his
 , and find
 ion from
 ring him-
 o his fel-
 crifice on
 th by the
 the other
 ss of his

If a modern ballad-writer indeed wants to be uncommonly arch and humorous, he goes a different way to work. He tells us, that, brisk Will the ploughman having long had a passion for Nell the dairy-maid, he way-lays the girl as she is going to milk her cows, and, finding that there is no possibility of arguing her out of her virtue, he seizes that by force which she refuses to grant through favour. Nell, who all her life before had been a girl of principle, instead of harbouring the least resentment against the villain for so infamous an outrage, bursts into a loud fit of laughing, acquaints him that all her former pretensions to virtue were nothing more than the result of affectation, and invites him, with all the confidence of habitual prostitution, to a repetition of their guilty intercourse.

The Gentlemen, however, who celebrate the virtues of the grape, go still farther than the professed votaries of Cupid. With all the stupidity of the love-song writers, they inculcate a greater share of immorality, and advise us no less to the utmost brutalities of intoxication, than to the utmost excesses of a libidinous sensuality. They teach us to think that the joys of futurity are infinitely unequal to the profligacies of a few, and that we are raised into something equal with the Deity when we have debased ourselves considerably lower than men.

It may perhaps be remarked on this occasion, that the song is much too incon- siderable a species of poetry to possess either

entertainment or instruction, and that, if it affords our musicians an opportunity of exerting the force of sound, it is all that can reasonably be expected. With the greatest deference to the opinion of such accurate critics as may argue in this manner, I shall only observe, that, if this species of poetry is capable of being perverted to the purposes of vice, it is also capable of being turned to the interests of virtue. It does not follow, because a poem is set to music, that it should be destitute of decency or sentiment. Those sacred compositions which we sing in honour of the Deity, however execrable we have seen them versified, are nevertheless fraught with instruction, and it is that instruction only, which, in their present miserable dress, has rendered them any way tolerable. Of consequence therefore, if a little good-sense in our hymns does not disgrace the importance of the subject, it cannot possibly lessen those inferior productions which we compose for the business of social enjoyment and friendly festivity.

Inconsiderable as the composition of a song may seem upon its first appearance, nevertheless when we reflect, that of all the different kinds of poetry it is what is most generally in our mouths, and consequently what is most familiar to our recollection, a man of any sense or benevolence cannot but regret to find it so generally prostituted to the purposes of folly or vice. The elegance of an air can by no means destroy the profligacy of a scandalous sentiment. Music, on the contrary, is well known to give an additional energy to language; and many a young Lady, by habituating herself to hear the insidious addresses of a designing lover in verse, has been brought to countenance the most immediate applications of palpable prose, and led, at last, into an esteem of those principles by a song, which would have shocked her to the last degree, had they been first of all communicated in common conversation.

For these reasons therefore, I wish to see the lyric species of composition rescued from contempt, especially since it is a mortification to every Gentleman of musical abilities to be under the necessity of giving such an embellishment to the productions of vice or stupidity, as must not only greatly disgust his own good-sense, but materially injure the morals of the public.

It

It has long been lamented also, that the modern Collectors of Songs are in general as indiscreet as the Writers of them; and of the many Song Books now in print, there are few so free from Ribaldry and Immorality, as to be fit for the perusal of any, but the Votaries of Riot and Licentiousness.—A very good selection might certainly be made from the Songs of our politest Writers, if the Compilers would but take the trouble of searching for them; and it is a disgrace to the manners of the present age, that so few *decent* productions of this kind have made their appearance.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

✎ We cannot but agree with the sentiments of this Writer, and have the pleasure of pointing out to him a Collection of Songs fully calculated to answer the salutary purpose he wishes.—The *Agreeable Songster*, lately published, is a work of this kind, and may be had of all the booksellers in the kingdom, price 2s.

Abstract of an Act passed this Session, for repealing a Clause in the late Turnpike Act, relating to

The WIDTH of WHEELS, &c.

BY a clause in an Act of the 13th of Geo. III. it is enacted, that no carriage, liable to be weighed, shall pass along any turnpike road, being above twenty miles from the cities of London or Westminster, unless it shall be made in such manner that no pair of the wheels thereof shall be wider than four feet six inches from inside to inside, to be measured on the ground, (except wheels having the soles of the felloes of the breadth of nine inches, so constructed as to roll a surface of sixteen inches, and that the wider pair of such wheels shall not be more than five feet eight inches from inside to inside, to be measured on the ground); and that the distance from the centre of the fore wheel to the centre of the hind wheel of any waggon, or four-wheeled carriage, not being used for the carriage of timber only, be not above nine feet, to be measured from the centre of the axle-trees at the ends thereof, on pain of the owner forfeiting the sum of five pounds; and that the surveyor or gate-keeper of any turnpike road is authorised and required to measure every such wag-

gon, wain, or cart; and if any master, or driver of any waggon, wain, or cart, shall hinder such surveyor or gate-keeper from measuring such waggon, wain, or cart, as aforesaid, he shall forfeit five pounds; and that it shall not be lawful for any such waggon, &c. not permitted to be measured as aforesaid, to pass along any turnpike-road: and whereas the provisions in the said clause contained have been found very inconvenient; be it therefore enacted, That the said clause shall be, and is hereby declared to be, repealed.

Persons guilty of omissions touching the execution of the said clause, are indemnified; and personal actions for such offence made void.

Extraordinary Effects of DUELLING.
A Real HISTORY.

MR. Thomson, a young gentleman of fortune, in the county of Essex, made the tour of Europe, in company with two other young gentlemen; one of whom, (Mr. Leeson) resided in an adjacent county, and the other in his own neighbourhood. Some time after their return, the latter met Mr. Thomson at a horse-race; and a quarrel ensuing, Mr. Thomson, who was remarkably conscientious, and at the same time entertained a great regard for his fellow traveller, thought proper, in order to avoid the ill consequences that might ensue, to mount his horse and return home, where he related the substance of the quarrel to his father, and the method he had taken, in order to prevent any accident that might prove fatal either to himself or his friend. The old gentleman, instead of commending the prudence of his son, broke out into a violent passion, and, with an emphasis that indicated the highest displeasure, cried out, "Have I been at so large an expence in your education, that you should return home a coward, to the disgrace of my family?" It was in vain Mr. Thomson objected, that had he followed the dictates of passion, and what the world falsely calls honour, one, if not both, would, in all probability, have perished.—His father was deaf to remonstrances; he insisted on his returning, and wiping out the stain he had fixed on the family. The son obeyed, and came time enough to find his friend, to whom he gave a challenge,

any master, or
or cart, shall
-keeper from
in, or cart, as
pounds; and
for any such
to be measured
any turnpike-
visions in the
n found very
ore enacted,
and is hereby

touching the
are indemni-
r such offence

JUELLING.
Y.

gentleman of
y of Essex,
company with
ne of whom,
acent county,
ghbourhood.
he latter met
ce; and a
n, who was
at the same
d for his fel-
in order to
might en-
return home,
of the quar-
thod he had
ny accident
to himself or
o, instead of
s son, broke
d, with an
heft displea-
at so large
that you
to the dis-
in vain Mr.
e followed
the world
not both,
perished.—
rances; he
wiping out
nily. The
ugh to find
challenge,
an

and killed him. As soon as the sanguinary
act was performed, he mounted his horse,
and rode full speed to his father, telling
him that, in obedience to his commands,
he had fought and killed his friend, and
was now the most miserable of the human
species. The old gentleman immediately
saw his error, but it was too late: the
bloody action was performed, and the deed
registered in the court of heaven. As the
young gentleman returned without any
servant, his father, to prevent a discovery,
conducted him to an ancient vault under-
neath a part of the house, from whence
there was a subterranean passage to an ad-
jacent wood. In this dark abode Mr.
Thompson lived, excluded from all human
society, except that of his father, who
visited him as often as possible, and brought
him provisions and other necessaries for his
subsistence. The young gentleman used
frequently, when night had wrapped the
world in repose, to creep through the sub-
terraneous passage, to breathe the fresh air;
and was often importuned by his father to
reire beyond the seas, where he might live
at large, and enjoy the pleasures of an am-
ple fortune. But all his remonstrances
were in vain; a deep melancholy preyed
upon his mind, and sometimes deprived
him of his senses. In this manner he lived
many years. At last his father died; but
not before he had intrusted the secret to a
faithful servant, who performed all the of-
fices necessary to the existence of this un-
happy man; who in time began to get the
better of his melancholy, and being very
indifferent about life, would often walk
about the wood in the dusk of the evening.
Several persons had seen him in these in-
cursions; and being emaciated with grief
and confinement, his visage pale, his eyes
hollow, his beard and hair of a prodigious
length, and all dishevelled, they were ter-
rified at the sight, and reported they had
seen a wild man in the wood. One even-
ing he had wandered to some distance from
the house, and a traveller seeing him, rode
after him to enquire his way. It was now
in vain to fly; the gentleman overtook
him; but being terrified by a nearer view,
desired, in a trembling accent, that if he
was a man, he would direct him in the
road, having travelled many miles without
knowing where he was, or discovering any
habitation. Mr. Thompson immediately

recollected the features of this gentleman,
who was no other than Mr. Leeson, his
other fellow traveller. On which he called
him by his name; and after some diffi-
culty, convinced his friend that he had
nothing to fear, by informing him who he
was, and relating the cause that excluded
him from society. The astonishment of
Mr. Leeson cannot be described: he listened
with attention to the account he gave him
of the manner in which he had pass'd his
time since the fatal duel, and it was at last
agreed that Mr. Thompson should accom-
pany Mr. Leeson to his seat in Hertford-
shire, where he continued till the day of
his death, which happened soon after.

SELF KNOWLEDGE,
*The best Guide to the Mind, in following
the Advice of others.*

IT is generally inculcated by old people
to young, to take advice; and by the
great stress they lay on it, you would sup-
pose that a man in the beginning of life
was only to pursue the directions of others,
without thinking for himself. If we look
around among mankind, we shall see people
act, think, believe, and in every other par-
ticular be so diametrically opposite to one
another, that the idea of an obedient young
man, submitting to the opinion of others,
without letting his own judgment inter-
fere, presents as strange and droll a cha-
racter as one can conceive to exist. If he
should happen to remember what his old
grandmother told him, he would take it
for granted he had nothing to do but to
trust in the Lord, and he would provide
him with coaches, horses, houses, and every
other thing that his vanity could induce
him to wish: this being the absurd maxim
of old women, to exclude those necessary
virtuous pursuits, which the supreme Being
may, with the greatest justice, be expected
to bless, and to inculcate an inactive confi-
dence, that can be productive of nothing
but sloth, idleness, and folly. A young
lad at school is told by his learned master,
that to make a figure, he need only get
Latin and Greek; "that is (says the wife
Grammarian) cloaths, meat, drink, wash-
ing, and lodging; it is an estate in itself;
only get Latin and Greek, and you are
made for ever:" but, alas! if the poor
soul knew the transactions beyond the con-

G g

fined

finest limits of his school, he would know, that some of the most beggarly, miserable wretches in the universe, are good linguists. Talk to Sir Tobid Lees, Knt. Alderman, and Soap-boiler, and he will tell you quite another story: "A fig (says he) for what you call learning; I never knew any good to come of it: there was my brother Tom, he was a plaguy good scholar, and what came of it? He was Curate of West Frog-hole in the Isle of Ely, and got a noble 30l. a year; and I, whom my father always called block-head, a fool, and a numb-scut, am, bless the mark, worth 30,000l. and, God be thanked, I never read any books in my life, but my own shop books, and the Bible; and yet I am treated with as much respect, by Aldermen, Dukes, Bishops, and Authors, as if I could talk Greek as fast as Lady Lees can scold: get money, young man, and you have every thing: if you are very rich, you may, at 60 years of age, get a sweet pretty girl, of eighteen, for a wife; and if you are the best young man in the universe, without cash, there is not a father of common understanding will let you see his daughter, not even through a glass window." If the young gentleman gets into gayer company, he will have advice as different as black and white. Mr. Prettyface will laugh at Latin, accounts, trade, and every thing pursued by the grave and serious. "My dear (says he) look you here; I'll put you in the method of being a great man at once: as to your city ass's story of getting cast out of soap-suds, he talks like an ape: the only way of succeeding in this life, is to make a figure; get an elegant chariot, fine nag-tail bays, brilliant liveries, be superb in your dress, attend all routs, and play high; these things will make you the darling of the girls, and you'll get more by marriage in one day, than you'll get by Latin or soap in a century." Thus we see what a strange inconsistent figure the all-advice-taking man would make in life; he would be either a composition of grandmother's piety, city misery, and gay fop's folly; or else, like the doubtful ass between many bundles, nothing. I infer from this, that every man, early in life, should study himself, then fix some plan and pursue it, and not be like the weather-cock, that wavers with the smallest breeze; for people's situations, pursuits, and circum-

stances, are so different, that what to a half-informed, superficial by-stander, might appear the only thing to be chose, may, to the better acquainted party, be self-evident destruction. If we look through life, we shall find the steady people the most respectable and amiable.

By what I have said, I do not mean to exclude the opinion of friends on important actions: I only mean to recommend the shutting of our ears against those trifling, ignorant, and important creatures, who are always busying themselves in the affairs of others, and directing them to pursuits equally foolish and ill-suited to their circumstances and capacities: I also mean to persuade the parent not to decree the employ of his child before the midwife is got out of the house, but to leave him to pursue that with unshaken vigour, which either interest or inclination has pointed out for his pursuit: he will find comfort in observing that scarce any two men rise the same way; and that the honest, sober, and diligent, seldom find the old maxim fail; *si sit prudentia, nullum numen abest.*

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

INGRATITUDE,

An ESSAY.

AMONG all the topics of rational conversation, nothing more frequently engages the attention of mankind, and at the same time is so little understood, as the most detestable sin of Ingratitude; all complain of it in others, but none acknowledge it in themselves. No pestilence in the world rages with greater violence, than this vicious principle. Few amongst us are found gratefully to acknowledge the kind benefits we have received; nothing vanishes so quickly, nothing is sooner forgot. By Ingratitude the strictest combinations of friendship are broken, from this results the destruction of families, and this is solely the origin of human discord. There is no vice or failing of man that does unprinciple humanity like Ingratitude. It is directly opposite to nature, it is not known even among brutes, for benefits and kindnesses have mollified lions. Men only are capable of this sin. The ungrateful neither serve God, their country, or their friends. Exactness in the bestowing of favours should be regarded with the greatest attention; and a man of good nature

1774-
more sh
integrat
disposi
to und
that w
vice, w
We m
dealin
ships.
appear
ungra
ance
kind
first,
are g
the h
conse
Whe
acqu
of In
to do
T
first
bein
ende
for
ung
not
ther
tru
hur
der
pre
del
ev
lo
ex
do
co
th
fi
e
t
c

what to a
under, might
use, may, to
self-evident
ugh life, we
most respect.

ot mean to
n important
commend the
ole trifling,
es, who are
the affairs of
to pursuits
o their cir-
cums mean to
ree the em-
pwise is got
im to pur-
which ei-
pointed out
comfort in ob-

en rise the
siber, and
axim fail;
best.

LLANY.
D E,

of rational
more fre-
mankind,
understood,
gratitude;
none ac-
persistence

violence,
w amongst
knowledge
ived; no-
g is sooner
steft com-
men, from
ilies, and
discord,
that does
itude. It
it is not
benefits
s. Men

ungrate-
untry, or
bestowing
with the
good na-
ture

we should chuse objects remarkable for integrity and unparallelled virtue, before he disposes of his favours; for some men are to undeserving, and of such dispositions, that we cannot approach to do them service, without endangering our own safety. We meet with this in our converse, our dealings, and in what is called our friendships. How few are there that do not soon appear bad enough to discover themselves ungrateful? frequently a long acquaintance is productive of worse effects of this kind than a shorter familiarity; by the first, if men are of an ungrateful spirit, they are generally more familiarly knowing of the humours they are to work upon, and consequently succeed more perniciously.—Wherefore it is good to be rid of such an acquaintance betimes, on a small discovery of Ingratitude, lest you should be obliged to do it on worse terms.

There is no Ingratitude but that wears first the deceitful disguise of Friendship, it being always referred to some precedent endearment by familiarity or obligation; for where we entrust ourselves most, the ungrateful and unworthy nature of man is more empowered to perpetrate mischief; therefore it is prudent to doubt most, and trust few; not induced by any baits or allurements to believe but that the trusts and denomination of a Friend are sometimes the pretexes and stratagems of a base Enemy, destitute of Gratitude. The deepest hate ever derives its origin from the most violent love.

Finally, when kindnesses prohibit the execution of justice, they are seldom productive of emoluments or fruits that merit commendation, as if vengeance followed the bestower for an injury to equity, in not suffering the Divine effects to have their full accomplishments. Therefore whatever favour any one imparts, let it be to those that deserve it; and further, let every one of us keep the inward recesses of his mind pure and holy, a heart thoroughly impregnated with honour and honesty, disannulling the dark practices of vice and immorality—for

Heaven seldom fails to punish in its kind;
The Ungrateful does a more Ungrateful find.

G. S.

A POET'S ADDRESS
To the EDITORS of the MONTHLY
MISCELLANY.

GENTLEMEN,

SINCE the publication of your ingenious Miscellany, it has come into my head to make you an offer of my pen in the *poetical* walk; but contrary to the practice of most of my fraternity, this offer is made *gratis*. This, say you, is no good sign: but not so hasty, Sirs.—As I am a stranger to you, it will be necessary to give some account of myself. Methinks this awakens your attention—the account a Poet gives of himself, you'll say, will be curious and poetical;—true, but every man who *attempts* to write *poetry*, is not a *poet*. This you will readily agree to, and I fancy we shall not differ much in sentiment, when I tell you I very much doubt whether I am duly qualified to claim the name of a Poet. My doubts arise from three weighty reasons—you shall hear them, and be my judges.

Imprimis—I have really and truly three very good suits of apparel, and a proportionable change of linen—and what is still more extraordinary, they are all *paid for*.

Item—I have never had the honour to be in the custody of Jailor, Turnkey, or Bailiff—nor am I in arrears for rent.

Item—the third reason (which I fear will utterly exclude me from ranking with the *Sons of Song*) is, that I have an estate of fifty pounds per annum, clear of all incumbrances, and money enough besides for my necessary occasions.

As I love plain, honest, downright dealing, I thought it necessary to inform you of these circumstances, lest you should entertain a higher opinion of me than I deserve. I might with equal justice add some other things very unfavourable to my character, as a *true-born* son of the Muses; such as, my knowing my right hand from my left; the difference between fire and water—summer and winter; and many other things which are beneath the notice of your *true-bred* Parnassian gentry; but I fear enough has been said already to disqualify me for the character of a *Bard*. However, such as I am, if you like me, “*with all my imperfections on my head*”,—take me; only don't work me too hard, nor tell the world my *real name*, or place of abode. I am not one of your *speedy rhyme spinners*, who,

G g 2

like

like (I forget his name—somebody Horace tells us of) could work off 200 lines standing on *one leg*: No, no, no—I have not such a flow in the upper region—I *think* before I *write*, and will continue to do so, in spite of all the poets in the world. But should I meet with due encouragement, I may possibly in time get the better of these defects—and exchange my estate for a little cottage on the borders of Helicon—or a garret in St. Giles's. Let it be as it will, I am determined to rise, if not to a *single-shirted* dignity, yet, to *greater eminence* than I am in at present: hence you may have some hopes of me—for a more familiar acquaintance with the *Nine* may in time bring me to neglect, with a noble indifference, all œconomy—to lay aside the vulgar maxims of the world's prudence, and become as proud and slovenly, as poor and wretched, as the most devoted of their votaries.

Then rais'd above the vulgar croud,
When the whirlwinds whistle loud,
And hailstones rattle thro' the fractur'd pane;
In Polyhymnia's arms I'll lie,
And elemental strife defy,
While she, bright goddess! —

But hold, I will not give you any further specimen, till I know how you will receive my proposals, and what you think of my qualification for the character I am to appear in. If you should so far relish my proposition as to tickle my gills with—*This gentleman's correspondence will be esteemed a particular favour*—in your next month's observations on your correspondents, you may be expect in due time to be *favour'd* with—I can't tell you what, but perhaps something more to the purpose than the present; and am, &c.

Peter Tag Rhyme.

[*The Correspondence of this Gentleman will INDEED be HIGHLY acceptable.*]

AN E C D O T E S.

A Letter sent a short time since to the Directors of the East-India Company.

I AM a Clergyman of Ely, in the county of Cambridge; I have a parcel of fine boys, but not much cash to provide for them. My eldest son I intended for a pillar of the church: with this view I gave him a suitable education at school, and afterwards entered him at Cambridge, where

he has resided the usual time, and had Christmas took his degree with some reputation to himself; but I must at the same time add, that he is more likely to kick a church down than to support one. He is of a very eccentric genius—he had no notion of restraint to chapel gates, lectures, &c. and when rebuked by his master, tutor, &c. for want of obedience to their rules, he treated them in the contemptible light of not being Gentlemen, and seemed to intimate that he should call them to an account as an affair of honour, &c. This soon disconcerted all my plans for him, and on talking with him the other day, and asking him what road his honour would chuse to pursue in future life, he told me that his plan was to go into the India service. Upon being interrogated whether he had any reasonable expectation of a provision from that quarter, he looked small, and said, No. Now, Gentlemen, I know no more of you, than you do of me, and therefore 'tis not unlikely but that you will look upon me as chimerical a man as my son, in making this application to you; but you will remember that he is my son, and that reflection I hope will be deemed a sufficient apology. I want your advice, and not knowing any individual amongst you, I apply to you publicly as a body.—If he will suit your service, and you can help me, do. He is now about twenty, near six feet high, well made, stout, and very active, and is as bold and intrepid as a lion. He is of Welch extraction for many generations; and I think, as my first-born, he is not degenerated. If you like to look at him, you shall see him, and judge for yourselves. You may leave word with your Clerk. I shall call again shortly to hear what you say; and remain, in the mean time, &c. THOMAS JONES.

Bull Inn, Bishopsgate-street, March 3.

This letter took effect, and the son was appointed a Cadet.

THE CAT in the COURT OF CHANCERY.

A PASTRY COOK in the City, had a Cat which he found very mischievous among his pastry, and being tired with the repeated depredations of her tender foot breaking through the tops of his more tender

ne, and lab
h some repu.
at the same
ely to kick a
ne. He is of
had no no-
es, lectures,
his master,
ence to their
ontemprible
and seemed to
m to an ac-
&c. This
s for him,
er day, and
our would
he told me
e India ser-
whether he
of a provi-
ked small,
en, I know
of me, and
at you will
man as my
n to you;
is my son,
e deemed a
ur advice,
al amongst
e body.—
d you can
ut twenty,
stout, and
trepid as a
for many
first-born,
ke to look
udge for
ord with
shortly to
n, in the
JONES,
arch 3.
e son was
T OF
y, had a
chievous
with the
der foot
is more
tender

tender patty's, his interest got the better of his affection to Puff, and he ordered his apprentice to tie her in a bag, and carry her half a mile from home, and there turn her loose in the street. This expedient did not succeed; the Cat was at home as soon as the boy, tho' the experiment was often repeated, and the distance of her removal greatly extended. One day, upon seeing the Cat unexpectedly return home, the poor Pastry Cook (who had a cause of twenty years standing in the Court of Chancery) exclaimed, *D—n the Cat, I wish she were in the Court of Chancery; I am sure she would never get out of that place.*—The apprentice hearing his master's wish, and being a little out of humour that his former attempts failed, and quite ignorant of the wit of his master, instantly set off with the Cat into Lincoln's Inn Hall, and turned her adrift. The Cat, who found the Court as full of Lawyers, as her master's shop was of tarts, ran like a mad thing from side to side of the Court, and at length over the Chancellor's lap, threw down his ink, disordered his notes, and created so much confusion in the Court, that for a time it put a stop to all pleadings; till at length the Chancellor, with more warmth than became a man in his high station, (but he had a natural antipathy to Cats) asked who it was who brought the Cat amongst them? The poor boy, who had waited to see how Puff conducted herself, was so terrified, that he thought it best to confess, and accordingly told the Chancellor that his master had often sent him out to lose the Cat, but that she constantly returned, and hearing his master say that morning, that if he could but get the Cat into the Court of Chancery, he was sure she would never get out again, he had, in obedience to his master's wish, though not his orders, turned her out among them. The Chancellor was a man of humour; and upon enquiring the name of the Pastry Cook, he found he was Plaintiff in a cause of long standing; (*PASTE* against *PUFF*) which he immediately ordered to be set down for hearing; and it happened that he decreed in favour of *PASTE*, tho' all the Council were unanimous for *PUFF*, except two, who were hired to run down *PASTE*'s cause, though in truth they secretly wished him success.

Dr. SQUIRE, late Bishop of ST. DAVID'S.

SOME time about the year 1761, a living in Caermarthenshire, in the gift of the Bishop, being vacant, his Lordship received a letter from the Earl of B—, recommending one Mr. L. in the strongest terms to his Lordship, and intimating, that if his Lordship had not fixed on a person to supply the living of —, he should be much obliged to him, if he would present his friend Mr. L. to it, and that his Lordship might command his (the Earl's) interest for himself or friends at any time, &c.

It happened, before the Bishop returned an answer to the Earl, that a poor Curate, miserably dressed, came to his house, he being then at Aberguilly, and sent in a letter to his Lordship.

This letter was written by himself to the Bishop, in which he set forth, that he had a wife and five children; that his income was but —; and that therefore they wanted the common necessaries of life; that he had no friend to recommend him, but hearing of the goodness of his Lordship's heart, and his liberal way of thinking and acting, he was come to petition his Lordship for the living of —; he hoped, at least, that his Lordship would pardon his presumption, for though the method of application was uncommon, yet so was his Lordship's generosity; and notwithstanding he had no particular claim to his favour by interest or dependence, he had however a general claim to it, as being an honest man, which to his Lordship was no small recommendation.

The Bishop ordered him in, gave him a dinner, for he had walked upwards of 20 Welch miles, required a Testimonium of his good behaviour, which he produced, found him well acquainted with polite literature, and the mathematics, and, in short, not only presented him to the living, but gave him the money to discharge the expences of the institution.

May the memory of this action remain as long as any language can convey ideas to posterity! and, as the grateful remembrance of Dr. Squire's goodness is indelibly fixed in the hearts of the whole family who are thus made happy, so let the record of this deed stand in the page of history, and may time itself never be able to efface it!

NEW

NEW
THEATRICAL PIECES.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The SOUTH BRITON.

WE are indebted to a female writer in our sister kingdom for the Comedy of this name, which was first brought out in Smock-Ally Theatre, in Dublin; and meeting with much applause among the *Hibernians*, has since made its appearance at Covent-Garden Theatre.

That this Comedy is not wholly the production of the Lady's genius, is evident from the similarity between the characters of *this* and *many other* modern plays;—but they are so judiciously put together, as to form an entertaining Piece on the whole, and the audience were unanimous in acknowledging its merit.

The scene of the play is in London; and the principal incidents are comprized in the following story:

Mr. Mowbray, a young gentleman of large fortune, and a man of honour, sensibility, and generosity, but too much hurried away by the impetuosity of youthful passions, having just returned from his travels, took a house in Cavendish-Square, London. At a visit at the French Ambassador's, he accidentally met with Miss Egerton, whose appearance so forcibly attracted him, that he resolved to pursue her, notwithstanding it had been requested in his father's will, that he would marry Miss Maria Audley, a young lady of very great merit and fortune. Miss Egerton, it seems, had been very genteelly educated, but losing both her parents, and being left in narrow circumstances, had taken lodgings at Mrs. Ornel's, the widow of a Clergyman, where her brother, Capt. Egerton, also lived. The Captain had known Miss Audley in the country, had conceived a passion for her, and was happy enough to have his affection returned on her part.

Thus were matters situated, when Sir Terence O'Shagnessy, an Irish Baronet, and uncle to Miss Audley, came over to England to pay her a visit; and hearing that Mr. Mowbray was in London, determined to wait upon him, (though pressed to the contrary by his niece) and remind him of his father's will. On their interview, Mr. Mowbray declined the matter; and Sir Terence, disgusted with his refusal, abruptly left him.

Mr. Mowbray was not long before he found out the lodgings of Miss Egerton, and called at Mrs. Ornel's, but the young lady was from home. In the mean time Miss Audley coming to town, and hearing that her friend Miss Egerton was in distress, privately sent her two bank notes of £100. each; which she supposing to have come from Mr. Mowbray, desired her brother to return.

Soon after, Mr. Mowbray called a second time at Mrs. Ornel's, and was introduced to Miss Egerton; when, throwing aside every virtuous intention, he endeavoured to seduce her, by throwing a purse of money into her lap;—but was prevented from pursuing his design, by the coming in of Mrs. Ornel, on which he immediately decamped; and being afterwards acquainted with her character and circumstances, resolved to address her in a sincere and honourable way.

The behaviour of Mr. Mowbray necessarily produced an enquiry on the part of Capt. Egerton, who did not fail to demand an immediate explanation from Mr. Mowbray for the rudeness offered to his sister; but on mentioning the bank notes, which Mowbray disowned, he found there was some mystery in the affair, of which prudence and discretion obliged him to wait the event.

The unravelling this mystery was afterwards effected by the following incident: The two young Ladies had agreed to go to a masquerade, dress'd in similar habits; and in their return were set upon by some fellows in disguise, who proved to be a broken Gamester, and his adherents, that had followed Miss Audley from the country, and intended to carry her off, for the sake of her fortune. By mistake, however, they seized on her friend Miss Egerton, and Mowbray interposing, carried off Miss Audley, by the same mistake, and conducted her to Miss Ornel's—but finding his error, immediately returned in quest of his Harriet, and happily rescued her from the hands of her assailants.

All parties then met at Mrs. Ornel's house; and as circumstances of this kind seldom fail to bring about the wished-for explanation, the doubts on all sides were soon cleared up:—Mr. Mowbray was made happy with his dear Miss Egerton, and the Captain enjoyed the same felicity in possession of Miss Audley.

DRURY-LANE.

The SWINDLERS.

A SWINDLER is one of those pests to society, who live by preying on the distresses of mankind, and who in many instances have amassed considerable sums by *aggravating* those misfortunes which humanity should teach us to *pity* and *alleviate*. Swindlers, indeed, are of different kinds; but those to whom the term is most commonly applied, are the wretches above-mentioned, who advertise themselves in the public papers, as friends to persons in distress; and when a person applies to them for the loan of a sum of money, to supply immediate wants, they obtain from him a note of hand, or some other written security, and seldom suffer him to see them more, till he is arrested for the payment of such notes given, though no money has been given in consideration for the notes or writings.

Transactions such as these having been for the most part conducted with that peculiar caution, that the offenders have escaped the punishment which they deserve, and which might have served as a beacon to other distressed tradesmen, it would undoubtedly be a proof of an humane disposition in any writer, who should endeavour to point them out to the world in their proper characters, and by exposing those vices which have been the ruin of many innocent, defenceless persons, should give the alarm throughout the whole community, and make those harpies equally known, avoided, and detested.

Such, we will hope, was the intention of the Writer of this Farce; and we admit that he has had the *improvement* of his audience in view, as much if not more than their entertainment; but by unhappily mistaking, at first setting out, he has only pointed out some *petty crimes*, which many are already acquainted with, and which all who think what they are doing, might generally prevent being put in practice. The Swindler of this Author is a *female*, (sorry are we that such a character should be real) who lives by stealing goods under pretence of buying. Men who are thus deceived, have sometimes no other plea but that of an unaccountable blindness and insatiation; but the Tradesman who is imposed upon

ing before her
Miss Egerton,
out the young
the mean time
and hearing
n was in dis-
bank notes of
osing to have
desired her

called a fe-
and was intro-
en, throwing
n, he endea-
wing a purse
was prevented
ne coming in
immediately
wards ac-
and circum-
in a sincere

bray need:
the part of
l to demand
Mr. Mow-
to his sister;
otes, which
there was
which pru-
m to wait

was after-
incident:
ed to go to
ar habits;
n by some
to be a
rents, that
the coun-
off, for the
ake, how-
Miss Eger-
carried off
take, and
out finding
in quest of
her from

Ornel's
this kind
wished-for
sides were
bray was
Egerton,
felicity in

PREVIOUS to the performance of the
Pigmy Revels, on Thursday Apr. 28, at
Covent-Garden Theatre, Mr. Lewis, who
had before confined himself to the Charac-
ter of *Harlequin*, but has since undertaken
to appear in *speaking* characters, addressed
the audience in the following Lines, writ-
ten by the late Dr. Goldsmith.

HOLD! Prompter hold! a word before your
nonfence,

I'll speak a word or two to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a pyebald vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[Taking off his mask.

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth;
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd!
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,
And from above the dangling deities;
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosin'd lightning blast me if I do.
No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage;
Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns,
The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—
soft—'twas but a dream.

Ay, 'twas a dream, for now there's no retreat-
ing:

If I cease *Harlequin*, I cease from eating.
'Twas thus that *Ælopus*' Stag, a creature
blameless,

Yet something vain, like one that shall be
nameless,

Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavil'd at his image in the flood.

'The deuce confound (he cries) these drum-
stick thanks,

'They neither have my gratitude nor thanks;

'They're perfectly disgraceful! Strike me dead!

'But, for a head, yes, I have got a head.

'How piercing is that eye! how sleek that
brow!

'And, my horns! I'm told that horns are all
'the fashion now.'

Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd! to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and hunti-
men drew.

Hoicks! hark forward! came thund'ring from
behind,

He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind:

He quits the woods, and tries the beating ways;

He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.

At length, his silly head, so priz'd before,

Is taught its former folly to deplore;

Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,

And at one bound he saves himself, like me.

[Taking a jump through the stage door.

upon by an advertising Usurer, certainly deserves our warmest pity. The idea of a man befriending him in distress, overcomes every other thought, and he thinks no services or security too much for him, who undertakes to extricate him from his difficulties. From hence might be drawn an useful lesson, and not without these picturesque and humorous descriptions which please an audience, at the time they impress the subject of Instruction more strongly on the mind. The Writer of the Swindlers, however, has no doubt done his best; and for the pains he has taken in so good a cause, it would be ungenerous to abridge him of that praise, which his piece deserves. We therefore give our readers the fable of his production, and leave him to the enjoyment of that general applause which it has met with from the public.

A plan is laid by Mr. Bubblewell to cheat Mr. Morton, a mercer, of some of his goods; and for this purpose he sends a female accomplice, who agrees for the purchase of goods to the amount of 500*l*.—The Mercer delivers her the goods, and accompanies her in her carriage, to receive the money; when he conveys him to a private mad-house, and seeming to recollect herself, tells him that there is one piece left behind, which she is sure her husband would like, and persuades him to go back in a hackney coach to fetch it. The Mercer without hesitation leaves her in possession of the goods; and while he is gone, she gives the Doctor five guineas, tells him that her husband the Mercer is mad, and begs he may be detained at his return.

At Mr. Morton's return, he gives his bill to the Doctor, deeming him to have been the husband of the lady, and the Doctor concluding from this that he *really* is mad, orders him the strait waistcoat.

The humour of Mr. Weston, who did the part of Morton, is a great addition to the performance of this farce; and Mr. Baddely (for whose benefit it was done) had great reason to be satisfied, as the House was full, and the audience pleased.

The CONJUROR.

ON Friday, April 29, this *petit piece* made its appearance; and being the first attempt of a very young writer, deserves the same degree of lenity from us, as the

audience were pleased to shew during its representation.—The story is briefly this:

Capt. Bluster, a military officer, and Mr. Justice Shallow, an Epicurean magistrate, are appointed guardians to Harriot and Maria, the two nieces of Mrs. Watch'em. These young ladies are addressed by Trueman and Worthy, but are prevented from carrying on any kind of correspondence with their admirers, by the guardians, who resolve to keep the fortunes of their wards, by marrying them themselves. To extricate the young people from this dilemma, a stratagem luckily presents itself; for Trueman and his friend meeting with Juggle, an artful clever fellow, who had formerly lived with Trueman, he proposes to personate a Conjuror, and by obtaining admission to the Guardians under that character, to release the ladies from the restraint they labour under.

Mrs. Watch'em is made acquainted with this contrivance, and pitying the situation of her nieces, readily agrees to forward the plan, which she immediately proceeds upon, by visiting the Guardians, to whom she mentions some astonishing circumstances of a Conjuror, who is just arrived from abroad. By this means she excites their curiosity, and persuades them to send for him to have their fortunes told. Accordingly they are visited by Juggle, in a Conjuror's habit, who performs a number of tricks, that make the credulous old folks appear in a very ridiculous light; and at length, on pretence of telling them their future destiny, he produces an iron hoop, marked with hieroglyphics, which he puts round them, and fastening them together, gives their wards an opportunity of escaping, and marrying the young gentlemen.

After this, he sets them at liberty; and when the married ladies return, he attends again in the disguise of an attorney, and prevails on them to sign an approbation of the marriages; and the piece concludes.

Regularity, or the chastity of character, not being strictly necessary in a farce, we avoid any criticism on that head, and think it but justice to the writer of the Conjuror to own, that he has fulfilled the general intent of this mode of writing, which is to excite the mirth of the audience, and send them home in good humour.

No School of Shakspeare since our last.

The

The LITERARY REVIEW.

ART. LXXXVII. *Letters written by the late Right Hon. Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, to his son, Philip Stanhope, Esq; late Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Dresden: Together with several other pieces on various subjects. Published by Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope, from the originals now in her possession. 2 vols. 4to. 2l. 2s. boards.*

MINDS endued with sensibility will feel, on perusal of these invaluable remains, that kind of pleasing melancholy which commonly arises from contemplating the venerable fragments of some noble edifice, once beheld with veneration, but now mouldered into ruin by the ravages of time. From the beauty of each mutilated part, imagination forms ideas of the superior excellence of the entire structure, and laments the transitory nature of the utmost efforts of human genius, which prevents their descending with original perfection to remote posterity. In the same manner, from the various beauties carefully scattered about in this broken collection, we conceive what must have been their combined effect, and deeply regret it was not our fortune to have known the happy assemblage of all these accomplishments, so charminely described by this elegant writer, which he united in his own person.—Every page brings to recollection that admired nobleman, so universally esteemed the finished model of a complete gentleman and able statesman. We are reminded by his instructions that he was himself an elegant pattern of all he recommends, and the allowed standard of taste, wit, politeness, and every brilliant and solid quality which can adorn the man of sense, of letters, and of fashion.

Such was the all-accomplished nobleman who here unites the tenderness of an indulgent parent with the abilities of a wise teacher, to conduct in the paths of knowledge, virtue, and honour, a favourite son, whose welfare would seem to constitute his supreme happiness.

“With this view, says the editor, were written the following letters; which, the reader will observe, begin with those dawnings of instruction adapted to the capacity of a boy, and rising gradually by precepts and admonitions, calculated to direct and guard the age of incautious youth, finish with the advice and knowledge requisite to form the man, ambitious to shine as an accomplished courtier, an orator in the senate, or a minister at foreign courts.

“In order to effect these purposes, his lordship, ever anxious to fix in his son a

scrupulous adherence to the strictest morality, appears to have thought it the first, and most indispensable object—to lay, in the earliest period of life, a firm foundation in good principles and sound religion. His next point was, to give him a perfect knowledge of the dead languages, and all the different branches of solid learning, by the study of the best ancient authors; and also such a general idea of the sciences, as it is a disgrace to a gentleman not to possess. The article of instruction with which he concludes his system of education, and which he more particularly enforces throughout the whole work, is the study of that useful and extensive science, the knowledge of mankind: in the course of which, appears the nicest investigation of the human heart, and the springs of human actions. From hence we find him induced to lay so great a stress on what are generally called accomplishments, as most indispensably requisite to finish the amiable and brilliant part of a complete character.”

His lordship writes sometimes in French, sometimes in Latin, commonly in English, but always with purity and elegance. From every subject he extracts the essence, and in every language he expresses its peculiar beauty, energy, and idiom—*Omnis Aristippum deicit et cetera et status et res*. Whether he playfully instructs the child in the first rudiments of knowledge, or more gravely admonishes the man to pursue the higher duties of human wisdom, we equally admire the hand of a master: wit, humour, argument, intreaty, eloquence, and persuasion, are all employed to enforce his precepts. Every motive is suggested, every passion roused, which can prompt, impel, and stimulate to the end proposed, and with the happiest application to the age, capacity, disposition, and behaviour of his pupil.

As a specimen, however, of the easy manner in which this accomplished nobleman could accommodate his style to the apprehensions of his young correspondent, we shall transcribe his Lordship's precepts and cautions on the subject of *Negligence*. They are taken from a letter written to his son, then in his 15th year, and on his travels abroad: it is dated at Bath, Oct. 9, 1746.

“*Apropos* of negligence; I must say something to you upon that subject. You know I have often told you, that my affection for you was not a weak womanish one; and far from blinding me, it makes me but more quick-sighted, as to your faults: these it is not only my right, but my duty to tell you of; and it is your duty and your interest to correct them. In the strict scrutiny which I

have made into you, I have (thank God!) hitherto not discovered any vice of the heart, or any peculiar weakness of the head; but I have discovered laziness, inattention, and indifference; faults which are only pardonable in old men, who, in the decline of life, when health and spirits fail, have a kind of claim to that sort of tranquillity. But a young man should be ambitious to shine and excel; alert, active, and indefatigable in the means of doing it; and like Cæsar, *Nil a se ipso reputans, si quid superesse agendum*. You seem to want that *visida vitæ animi* which spurs and excites most young men to please, to shine, to excel. Without the desire and the pains necessary to be considerable, depend upon it, you never can be so; as without the desire and attention necessary to please, you never can please. *Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia*, is unquestionably true with regard to every thing except poetry; and I am very sure that any man of common understanding may, by proper culture, care, attention, and labour, make himself whatever he pleases, except a good poet. Your destination is the great and busy world; your immediate object is the affairs, the interests, and the history, the constitutions, the customs, and the manners of the several parts of Europe. In this, any man of common sense may, by common application, be sure to excel. Ancient and modern history are by attention easily attainable; geography and chronology the same; none of them requiring any uncommon share of genius or invention. Speaking and writing clearly, correctly, and with ease & grace, are certainly to be acquired by reading the best authors with care, and by attention to the best living models. These are the qualifications more particularly necessary for you in your department, which you may be possessed of if you please, and which, I tell you fairly, I shall be very angry at you if you are not; because, as you have the means in your hands, it will be your own fault only.

"If care and application are necessary to the acquiring of those qualifications, without which you can never be considerable, nor make a figure in the world; they are not less necessary with regard to the lesser accomplishments which are requisite to make you agreeable and pleasing in society. In truth, whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and nothing can be done well without attention; I therefore carry the necessity of attention down to the lowliest things, even to dancing and dress. Custom has made dancing sometimes necessary for a young man; therefore mind it while you learn it, that you may learn to do it well, and not be ridiculous, though in a ridiculous act. Dress is of the same nature; you must dress; therefore attend to it; not in order to rival or excel a fop in it, but in order to avoid singularity, and consequently ridicule. Take great care always to be dressed like the reasonable people of your own age, in the place where you are; whose dress is never a specimen of one

way or another, as either too negligent, or too much studied.

"What is commonly called an absent man, is commonly either a very weak, or a very affected man; but he he which he will, he is, I am sure, a very disagreeable man in company. He fails in all the common offices of civility; he seems not to know those people to-day, whom yesterday he appeared to live in intimacy with. He takes no part in the general conversation; but on the contrary, breaks into it from time to time, with some start of his own, as if he waked from a dream. This (as I said before) is a sure indication, either of a mind too weak that it is not able to bear above one object at a time; or so affected, that it would be supposed to be wholly engrossed by, and directed to, some very great and important objects. Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Locke, and (it may be) five or six more, since the creation of the world, may have had a right to absence, from that intense thought which the things they were investigating required. But if a young man, and a man of the world, who has no such avocations to plead, will claim and exercise that right of absence in company, his pretended right should, in my mind, be turned into an involuntary absence, by his perpetual exclusion out of company. However frivolous a company may be, still, while you are among them, do not shew them, by your inattention, that you think them so; but rather take their tone, and conform in some degree to their weakness, instead of manifesting your contempt for them. There is nothing that people bear more impatiently, or forgive less, than contempt; and an injury is much sooner forgotten than an insult. If therefore you would rather please than offend, rather be well than ill spoken of, rather be loved than hated, remember to have that constant attention about you, which flatters every man's little vanity; and the want of which, by mortifying his pride, never fails to excite his resentment, or at least his ill-will. For instance; most people (I might say all people) have their weaknesses; they have their aversions, and their likings, to such or such things; so that if you were to laugh at a man for his aversion to a cat, or cheese, (which are common antipathies) or by inattention and negligence, to let them come in his way, where you could prevent it, he would, in the first case, think himself insulted; and in the second, slighted; and would remember both. Whereas your care to procure for him what he likes, and to remove from him what he hates, shews him, that he is at least an object of your attention; flatters his vanity, and makes him possibly more your friend, than a more important service would have done. With regard to women, attentions still below these are necessary, and, by the custom of the world, in some measure due, according to the laws of good-breeding."

The

The foregoing observations are equally striking, just, and important; for surely no weakness is more pernicious to youth than negligence and inattention! Such faults are not only a bar to all improvement, but they also render those young people who are subject to them quite intolerable to persons of superior years. In short, it would be doing no injustice to these failings, were we to set them down in the catalogue of *vices*.

About a year after the date of the foregoing letter, we find our noble monitor thus cautioning his *young friend* against the seductions of pleasure:

"Pleasure, says Lord Chesterfield, is the rock which most young people split upon; they launch out with crowded sails in quest of it, but without a compass to direct their course, or reason sufficient to steer the vessel; for want of which, pain and shame, instead of pleasure, are the returns of their voyage. Do not think that I mean to snarl at pleasure, like a stoic, or to preach against it like a Parson; no, I mean to point it out, and recommend it to you, like an Epicurean: I wish you a great deal; and my only view is to hinder you from mistaking it.

"The character which most young men first aim at, is, that of a Man of Pleasure; but they generally take it upon trust; and, instead of consulting their own taste and inclinations, they blindly adopt whatever those, with whom they chiefly converse, are pleased to call by the name of Pleasure; and a *Man of Pleasure*, in the vulgar acceptance of that phrase, means only, a beastly drunkard, an abandoned whore-master, and a profligate sweaver and curser. As it may be of use to you, I am not unwilling, though at the same time ashamed, to own, that the vices of my youth proceeded much more from my silly resolution of being, what I heard called, a Man of Pleasure, than from my own inclinations. I always naturally hated drinking; and yet I have often drank, with disgust at the time, attended by great sickness the next day, only because I then considered drinking as a necessary qualification for a fine gentleman, and a Man of Pleasure.

"The same as to gaming. I did not want money, and consequently had no occasion to play for it; but I thought Play another necessary ingredient in the composition of a Man of Pleasure, and accordingly I plunged into it without desire, at first; sacrificed a thousand real pleasures to it; and made myself solidly uneasy by it, for thirty the best years of my life.

"I was even absurd enough, for a little while, to swear, by way of adorning and completing the shining character which I affected; but this folly I soon laid aside, upon finding both the guilt and the indecency of it.

"Thus seduced by fashion, and blindly adopting nominal pleasures, I lost real ones; and my fortune impaired, and my constitution shattered, are, I must confess, the just punishment of my errors.

"Take warning then by them; chuse your pleasures for yourself, and do not let them be imposed on you. Follow nature, and not fashion: weigh the present enjoyment of your pleasures, against the necessary consequences of them, and then let your own common sense determine your choice.

"Were I to begin the world again, with the experience which I now have of it, I would lead a life of real, not of imaginary pleasure. I would enjoy the pleasures of the table, and of wine; but stop short of the pains inseparably annexed to an excess in either. I would not, at twenty years, be a preaching missionary of abstemiousness and sobriety; and I should let other people do as they would, without formally and sententious rebuking them for it; but I would be most firmly resolved, not to destroy my own faculties and constitution, in compliance to those who have no regard to their own. I would play to give me pleasure, but not to give me pain; that is, I would play for trifles, in mixed companies, to amuse myself, and conform to custom; but I would take care not to venture for sums, which, if I won, I should not be the better for; but, if I lost, should be under a difficulty to pay; and, when paid, would oblige me to retrench in several other articles. Not to mention the quarrels which deep play commonly occasions.

"I would pass some of my time in reading, and the rest in the company of people of sense and learning, and chiefly those above me: and I would frequent the mixed companies of men and women of fashion, which though often frivolous, yet they unbend and refresh the mind, not uselessly, because they certainly polish and soften the manners.

"These would be my pleasures and amusements, if I were to live the last thirty years over again; they are rational ones; and moreover I will tell you, they are really the fashionable ones: for the others are not, in truth, the pleasures of what I call people of fashion, but of those who only call themselves so. Does good company care to have a man reeling drunk among them? Or to see another tearing his hair, and blaspheming, for having lost, at play, more than he is able to pay? Or a whore-master with half a nose, and crippled by coarse and infamous debauchery? No; those who practise, and much more those who brag of them, make no part of good company; and are most unwilling, if ever, admitted into it.

"A real man of fashion and pleasure observes decency; at least, neither borrows nor affects vices; and if he unfortunately has any, he gratifies them with choice, delicacy, and secrecy.

"I have not mentioned the pleasures of the mind, (which are the solid and permanent ones) because they do not come under the head of what people commonly call pleasures; which they seem to confine to the senses.

The pleasure of virtue, of charity, and of learning,

learning, is true and lasting pleasure; which I hope you will be well and long acquainted with. Adieu."

This is not the frigid preaching of a cold unfeeling *theorist*; it is the voice of an experienced guide, warning the unwary traveller of the precipice that lies in his path; it is the language of a true *friend*, who seeks not to deprive us of what we are naturally desirous to obtain, but to prevent our being misled in the pursuit of it, and like Ixion, deceived into the embraces of an empty cloud, instead of the goddess who is the object of our wishes:—and like Ixion, too, not only cheated out of our expected happiness, but *severely punished*, also, for our insatiation.

In a letter dated in 1748, we have the following strictures on what may be called the *abuse of laughter*:

"Having mentioned laughing, I must particularly warn you against it: and I could heartily wish, that you may often be seen to smile, but never heard to laugh, while you live. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of folly and ill manners: it is the manner in which the mob expresses their silly joy, at silly things; and they call it being merry. In my mind, there is nothing so illiberal, and so ill-bred, as audible laughter. True wit, or sense, never yet made any body laugh; they are above it: they please the mind, and give a cheerfulness to the countenance. But it is low buffoonery, or silly accidents, that always excite laughter; and that is what people of sense and breeding should show themselves above. A man's going to sit down, in the supposition that he has a chair behind him, and falling down upon his breech for want of one, sets a whole company a laughing, when all the wit in the world would not do it; a plain proof, in my mind, how low and unbecoming a thing laughter is. Not to mention the disagreeable noise that it makes, and the shocking distortion of the face that it occasions. Laughter is easily restrained, by a very little reflection; but, as it is generally connected with the idea of gaiety, people do not enough attend to its absurdity. I am neither of a melancholy, nor a cynical disposition; and am as willing, and as apt to be pleased as any body; but I am sure that, since I have had the full use of my reason, nobody has ever heard me laugh. Many people, at first from awkwardness and *mauvaise honte*, have got a very disagreeable and silly trick of laughing, whenever they speak: and I know a man of very good parts, Mr. Waller, who cannot say the commonest thing without laughing! which makes those, who do not know him, take him at first for a natural fool. This and many other very disagreeable habits, are owing to *mauvaise honte* at their first setting out in the world."

Leaving our readers to their own reflections on this invective against *laughter* (which, certainly, did not spring from any sullen, sour, or *farouche* disposition in the celebrated writ-

ter) we proceed to his Lordship's observations on the weight of *historical testimony**. These are introduced by a remark or two on the circumstances which are assigned as the principal causes of the Protestant reformation from the errors and abuses of Popery.

After intimating that disappointment and resentment had a much larger share in this great event, than a religious zeal, or an abhorrence of the corruptions of the church of Rome, the noble letter-writer thus proceeds;

"Luther, an Augustin Monk, enraged that his Order, and consequently himself, had not the exclusive privilege of selling indulgences, but that the Dominicans were let into a share of that profitable but infamous trade, turns reformer, and exclaims against the abuses, the corruption, and the idolatry, of the church of Rome; which was certainly gross enough for him to have seen long before, but which he had at least acquiesced in, till what he called the Rights, that is the profits, of his Order came to be touched. It is true, the Church of Rome furnished him ample matter for complaint and reformation, and he laid hold of it ably. This seems to me the true cause of that great and necessary work: but, whatever the cause was, the effect was good: and the reformation spread itself by its own truth and fitness; was conscientiously received by great numbers in Germany, and other countries; and was soon afterwards mixed up with the politics of Princes: and, as it always happens in religious disputes, became the specious covering of injustice and ambition.

"Under the pretence of crushing heresy, as it was called, the House of Austria meant to extend and establish its power in the Empire: as, on the other hand, many Protestant Princes, under the pretence of extirpating idolatry, or, at least, of securing toleration, meant only to enlarge their own dominions or privileges. These views respectively, among the chiefs on both sides, much more than true religious motives, continued what were called the Religious wars, in Germany, almost uninterruptedly, till the affairs of the two religions were finally settled by the treaty of Munster.

"Were most historical events traced up to their true causes, I fear we should not find them much more noble, or disinterested, than Luther's disappointed avarice; and therefore I look with some contempt upon those refining and sagacious Historians, who ascribe all even the most common events, to some deep political cause: whereas mankind is made up of inconstitencies, and no man acts invariably up to his predominant character. The wisest man sometimes acts *weakly*, and the weakest sometimes wisely. Our jarring passions, our variable humours, nay, our greater or lesser degree of health and spirits, produce such contradictions in our conduct, that, I

* In Letter 117, dated 1749.

observations
*. These are
in the circum-
stances the principal
information from
ment and
there in this
al, or an ab-
the church of
is proceeds;
enraged that
self, had not
indulgences,
into a share
trade, turns
the abuses,
the church
of enough
but which
at he called
his Order
the Church
matter for
d he laid
ne the true
ry work:
effect was
it itself by
conscienti-
Germany,
afterwards
es: and,
disputes,
office and
there, as
meant to
Empire:
protestant
stirring
deration,
ominions
ively, a-
ch more
ed what
Germany,
as of the
re treaty
aced up
not find
nd, than
therefore
se resi-
cribe all
e deep
made
inva-
The
d the
g pas-
reater
roduce
that, I
lieve,

believe, those are the oftenest mistaken, who ascribe our actions to the most seemingly obvious motives: and I am convinced, that a light supper, a good night's sleep, and a fine morning, have sometimes made a Hero of the same man, who, by an indigestion, a restless night, and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward. Our best conjectures, therefore, as to the true springs of actions, are but very uncertain; and the actions themselves are all that we must pretend to know from history. That Caesar was murdered by twenty-three conspirators, I make no doubt; but I very much doubt, that their love of liberty, and of their country, was their sole, or even principal motive; and I dare say that, if the truth were known, we should find that many other motives, at least concurred, even in the great Brutus himself; such as pride, envy, personal pique, and disappointment. Nay, I cannot help carrying my Pyrrhonism still further, and extending it often to historical facts themselves, at least to most of the circumstances with which they are related; and every day's experience confirms me in this historical incredulity. Do we ever hear the most recent fact related exactly in the same way, by the several people who were at the same time eye-witnesses of it? No. One mistakes, another misrepresents; and others warp it a little to their own turn of mind, or private views. A man, who has been concerned in a transaction, will not write it fairly; and a man who has not, cannot. But, notwithstanding all this uncertainty, History is not the less necessary to be known; as the best histories are taken for granted, and are the frequent subjects both of conversation and writing. Though I am convinced that Caesar's ghost never appeared to Brutus, yet I should be much ashamed to be ignorant of that fact, as related by the Historians of those times. Thus the Pagan theology is universally received as matter for writing and conversation, though believed now by nobody; and we talk of Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, &c. as Gods, though we know, that, if they ever existed at all, it was only as mere mortal men. This historical Pyrrhonism, then, proves nothing against the study and knowledge of History; which, of all other studies, is the most necessary, for a man who is to live in the world. It only points out to us, not to be too decisive and peremptory; and to be cautious how we draw inferences, for our own practice, from remote facts, partially or ignorantly related; of which we can, at best, but imperfectly guess, and certainly not know the real motives. The testimonies of Ancient History, must necessarily be weaker than those of modern, as all testimony grows weaker and weaker, as it is more and more remote from us. I would therefore advise you to study Ancient History, in general, as other people do; that is, not to be ignorant of any of those facts which are universally received, upon the faith of the best Historians;

and, whether true or false, you have them as other people have them. But Modern History, I mean particularly that of the three last centuries, is what I would have you apply to with the greatest attention and exactness. There the probability of coming at the truth is much greater, as the testimonies are much more recent; besides, anecdotes, memoirs, and original letters, often come to the aid of Modern History."

So exactly do Lord Chesterfield's ideas correspond with our opinion of the use and authority of history, in the general, that we cannot withhold our free and unreserved subscription to every thing that he has advanced on the subject.—*Mon. Rev.*

The following excellent letter treats of a subject which the noble writer perfectly understood.

London, November the 3d, O. S. 1749.

"Dear boy,

"From the time that you have had life, it has been the principal and favourite object of mine, to make you as perfect as the imperfections of human nature will allow; in this view I have grudged no pains nor experience in your education; convinced, that education, more than nature, is the cause of that great difference which we see in the characters of men. While you were a child, I endeavoured to form your heart habitually to virtue and honor, before your understanding was capable of shewing you their beauty and utility. Those principles which you then got, like your grammar rules, only by rote, are now, I am persuaded, fixed and confirmed by reason. And indeed they are so plain and clear, that they require but a very moderate degree of understanding, either to comprehend or practise them. Lord Shaftesbury says, very prettily, that he would be virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it; as he would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him. I have therefore, since you have had the use of your reason, never written to you upon those subjects; they speak best for themselves; and I should now, just as soon think of warning you gravely not to fall into the dirt or the fire, as into dishonour or vice. This view of mine, I consider as fully attained. My next object was, found and useful learning. My own care first, Mr. Harte's afterwards, and of late (I will own it to your praise) your own application, have more than answered my expectations in that particular; and I have reason to believe, will answer even my wishes. All that remains for me then to wish, to recommend, to inculcate, to order, and to insist upon, is good-breeding; without which, all your other qualifications will be lame, unadorned, and to a certain degree, unavailing. And here I fear, and have too much reason to believe, that you are greatly deficient. The remainder of this letter, therefore, shall be (and it

will not be the last by a great many) upon that subject.

"A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined Good-breeding to be, "the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted, (as I think it cannot be disputed) it is astonishing to me, that any body, who has good sense and good nature (and I believe you have both) can essentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, and places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is every where, and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general; their cement, and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and between the punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another man's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who, by his manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisance, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects: Whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should cover the most, next to that of Antithes, would be that of well-bred.—Thus much for good-breeding in general, I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

"Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should shew to those who in they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors: such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily, and without concern: whereas a man who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal; but I never saw the worst-bred man using, easily or feelingly, whilst, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to show that re-

spect, which every body means to show, is an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

"In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to take part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good-breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, fancies, whims, and even impertinencies, must be officiously attended to, flattered, and if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp yourself, those conveniences and *agréments* which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. but, on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others, who, in their turns, will offer them to you; so that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of your common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shows his good-breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose, that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good-nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

"There is a third sort of good-breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But that ease and freedom have their bounds too, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends, is soon destroyed. Hospitality often has been, by being

carried

means to show, in
a graceful man-
ner, and expe-

however is admit-
ted, for the time at
least, of equal
value, as there
is, and respect
to the latitude in
left upon their
provided it be
which are upon no
But, upon these
entitled to dis-
cuss any one claim,
of civility and
dressed, but care-
fully forbidden,
is to you ever
less than rude-
ness, by a ma-
jesty, that you
thead, and not
so with re-
ver rank they
of their sex,
an officious
little wants,
pathies, fan-
cies, mult
tered, and if
derated, by a
er usurp to
and agree-
as the best
on the con-
itself, and
their turns,
upon the
enjoy your
would be
ie particu-
man shows
y; and it
pose, that
them out
ature will
it enforce

breeding,
fail, from
nnet fail
e's most
or those
ere, un-
e is not
tributes
e, social
ave their
to be vi-
ence and
sulting,
of the
of con-
on de-
being
carried

carried to licentiousness. But example ex-
plains things best, and I will put a pretty
strong case. Suppose you and me alone to-
gether; I believe you will allow that I have
as good a right to unlimited freedom in your
company, as either you or I can possibly
have in any other; and I am apt to believe
too that you would indulge me in that free-
dom, as far as any body would. But, not-
withstanding this, do you imagine that I
should think there were no bounds to that
freedom? I assure you, I should not think
so; and I take myself to be as much tied
down by a certain degree of good manners,
to you, as by other degrees of them to other
people. Were I to show you, by a manifest
inattention to what you said to me, that I
was thinking of something else the whole
time; were I to yawn extremely, inore, or
break wind in your company, I should think
that I behaved myself to you like a brat, and
should not expect that you would care to
frequent me. No. The most familiar and
intimate habitudes, connections, and friend-
ships, require a degree of good-breeding, both
to preserve and cement them. If ever a man
and his wife, or a man and his mistress, who
pass nights as well as days together, abso-
lutely lay aside all good breeding, their inti-
macy will soon degenerate into a coarse fa-
miliarity, infallibly productive of contempt
or disgust. The best of us have our bad sides;
and it is as imprudent, as it is ill-bred, to
exhibit them. I shall certainly not use ce-
remony with you; it would be misplaced be-
tween us; but I shall certainly observe that
degree of good-breeding with you, which is,
in the first place, decent, and which, I am
sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like
one another's company long.

"I will say no more, now, upon this im-
portant subject of good-breeding; upon
which I have already dwelt too long; it may
be, for one letter; and upon which I shall
frequently refresh your memory hereafter;
but I will conclude with these axioms:

"That the deepest learning, without good-
breeding, is unwelcome and tiresome pedan-
try, and of use no where but in a man's own
closet; and consequently of little or no use
at all;

"That a man, who is not perfectly well
bred, is unfit for good company, and un-
welcome in it; will consequently dislike it
soon, afterwards renounce it; and be reduced
to solitude, or what is worse, low and bad
company;

"That a man who is not well-bred, is
full as unfit for business as for company.

"Make then, my dear child, I conjure
you, good-breeding the great object of your
thoughts and actions, at least half the day.
Observe carefully the behaviour and manners
of those who are distinguished by their good-
breeding; imitate, nay endeavour to excel,
that you may at least reach them; and be
convinced that good-breeding is, to all
worldly qualifications, what charity is to all

christian virtues. Observe how it adorns
merit, and how often it covers the want of
it. May you wear it to adorn, and not to
cover you! Adieu."

His lordship's abilities as a writer are fully
displayed in the finely executed portrait of
the great Lord Bolingbroke, which we shall
quote for the entertainment and instruction
of our readers:

"I have sent you in a packet which your
Leipzig acquaintance, Duval, sends to his
correspondent at Rome, Lord Bolingbroke's
book* which he published about a year ago.
I desire that you will read it over and over
again, with particular attention to the style,
and to all those beauties of oratory with
which it is adorned. 'Till I read that book,
I confess I did not know all the extent and
powers of the English Language. Lord Bol-
ingbroke has both a tongue and a pen to
persuade; his manner of speaking in private
conversation is full as elegant as his writings;
whatever subject he either speaks or writes
upon, he adorns with the most splendid elo-
quence; not a studied or laboured eloquence,
but such a flowing happiness of diction,
which (from care perhaps at first) is become
so habitual to him, that even his most fami-
liar conversations, if taken down in writing,
would bear the press, without the least cor-
rection either as to method or style. If his
conduct, in the former part of his life, had
been equal to all his natural and acquired ta-
lents, he would most justly have merited the
epithet of all-accomplished. He is himself
sensible of his past errors; those violent pas-
sions, which seduced him in his youth, have
now subsided by age; and take him as he is
now, the character of all-accomplished is
mere his due, than any man's I ever knew in
my life.

"But he has been a most mortifying in-
stance of the violence of human passions, and
of the weakness of the most exalted human
reason. His virtues and his vices, his rea-
son and his passions, did not blend themselves
by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining
and sudden contrast.

"Here the darkest, there the most splendid
colours, and both rendered more shining from
their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and
almost extravagancy, characterised not only
his passions, but even his senses. His youth
was distinguished by all the tumult and storm
of pleasures, in which he most licentiously
triumphed, disdaining all decorum. His fine
imagination has often been heated and ex-
hausted with his body, in celebrating and de-
ifying the prostitute of the night; and his con-
vivial joys were pushed to all the extrava-
gancy of frantic Bacchanals. Those passions
were interrupted but by a stronger, Ambition.
The former impaired both his constitu-
tion and his character, but the latter de-
stroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

* *Lectures on the Spirit of Patriotism, on the
Idea of a Patriot King.*

"H:

"He has noble and generous sentiments, rather than fixed reflected principles of good-nature and friendship; but they are more violent than lasting, and suddenly and often varied to their opposite extremes, with regard even to the same persons. He receives the common attentions of civility as obligations, which he returns with interest; and resents with passion the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repays with interest too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philosophical subject, would provoke, and prove him no practical philosopher at least.

"Notwithstanding the dissipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he has an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge, which, from the clearest and quickest conception, and happiest memory, that ever man was blessed with, he always carries about him. It is his pocket-money; and he never has occasion to draw upon a book for any sum. He excels more particularly in history, as his historical works plainly prove. The relative political and commercial interests of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, are better known to him, than perhaps to any man in it; but how steadily he has pursued the latter, in his public conduct, his enemies, of all parties and denominations, tell with joy.

"He engaged young, and distinguished himself in business; and his penetration was almost intuition. I am old enough to have heard him speak in parliament. And I remember, that, though prejudiced against him by party, I felt all the force and charms of his eloquence. Like Belial in Milton, "he made the worse appear the better cause." All the internal and external advantages and talents of an orator are undoubtedly his: Figure, voice, elocution, knowledge; and above all, the purest and most florid diction, with the justest metaphors, and happiest images, had raised him to the post of Secretary at War, at four and twenty years old; an age at which others are hardly thought fit for the smallest employments.

"During his long exile in France, he applied himself to study with his characteristic ardor; and there he formed and chiefly executed the plan of a great philosophical work. The common bounds of human knowledge are too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination. He must go, *extra flammam mania mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphysics; which open an unbounded field for the excursions of an ardent imagination; where endless conjectures supply the defect of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and its influence.

"He has a very handsome person, with a most engaging address in his air and manners; he has all the dignity and good-breeding which a man of quality should or can have, and which so few in this country, at least, really have.

"He professes himself a deist; believing in a general Providence, but doubting of, though by no means rejecting (as is commonly supposed) the immortality of the soul, and a future state.

"Upon the whole, of this extraordinary man, what can we say, but alas! poor human nature!"

An article of such compass and extraordinary merit cannot be contained in one number. We shall therefore resume it in our next.

LXXXVIII. *The Progress of Gallantry; a poetical Essay. In three Cantos. Quarto. 2s. 6d.*

IN the first canto of this piece, the Author points out the early attachment between the two sexes; the first dawning of which he describes in the following manner:

SEE! from the nursery's gloomy fire,
In scarlet vest, the infant 'quire,
With sisters and their play-mates fair,
Ventures to breathe the balmy air.
By instinct led, he longs to rove
With some young Sylvia thro' the grove,
Beneath the laurel's darksome shade,
Eloping from th' attendant maid,
(For Molly too is pensive grown,
Indulging wishes of her own.)
The little pair close-nestling gets,
Picks primroses, and violets.
Like Dido and her Trojan spark,
Fond to retire to grottoes dark;
Or rolling on the fragrant grass,
Our pigmy hero and his lass;
The contact sweet and secretly
Already charm, they know not why.
He longs from sympathizing Miss,
He longs—but fears to steal a kiss.
Each feels the new-born, latent fire,
Though blushes stifle young desire.
Thus, early, Love foot hints imparts,
Thus flutters round e'en infant hearts.

The second Canto treats of the passion of love, rising in the bosoms of youth as they advance towards maturity.

BUT see! mature the stripling grows;
His cheeks the bloom of youth disclose.
The passions now their height attain,
And reason pleads her cause in vain.
Now in his eye each female face
Assumes inexplicable grace.
Fair beauty's charms new joys impart,
And thrilling rapture swells his heart.

Now dress and splendid equipage,
The pomp of life! his thoughts engage.
Ridottos, routs, plays, brilliant courts,
Where'er the well-dress'd nymph resorts;
At Bath and every public place,
He shews his fashionable face.
To dance, to fence, with graceful pride
The sporting hunter to bestride;
Each feat, in youthful vigour warm,
He learns, the female heart to charm.

But, fix'd at length on some chaste fair,
Sole object of his tender care;

ieving
ing of,
com-
e foul,
rdinary/
or hu-

extraor-
in one
it in

a poeti-
s. 6d.

Author
pen the
ich he

re,

ve,

tion of
they ad-

ys;

c.

,

e.

ts;

le

halt,

To her each look, each thought inclines,
For her in solitude he pines:
The echoing hills and vocal grove,
Are witness to his plaintive love.
Each smooth-rind'd beech may rue his flame,
Condemn'd to bear his Delia's name.
The pink and rose his breast adorn;
Sweet emblems of her beauties worn!
Each ornament, his taste in dress,
Whate'er his fondness may express,
To please his Delia is directed:
And useful sciences neglected,
Tibullus, Petrarch, Waller's ease,
Those gentler bards alone can please,
That felt, and in soft numbers strove
To paint the pleasing pangs of love.

In the third Canto the author strongly recommends a virtuous connection by marriage, as the most pleasing as well as the most rational gratification of the noble passion he treats of.

AND here the paths of love divide;
And blest the mortals that decide
(Not merely as dull Sophists preach)
As reason, honour, justice teach:
Taught to prefer domestic bliss
To the false harlot's venal kiss.
For, on a mistress or a wife,
Depends the happiness of life.

Let *Hogarth's pencil, Hoadly's* verse,
The fate of lawless love rehearse,
Paint the remorse, the scorpion-stings,
That unrestrict'd indulgence brings:
The rake, when short-liv'd pleasures fail,
Condemn'd to Bedlam or a jail.

Would you be happy then? Be wise;
The road thro' Hymen's temple lies;
In virtuous wedlock joys abound,
Which Libertines have never found.
If she, for whom your bosom burns,
Your love with mutual warmth returns:
Your heart if not mere beauty warms,
But sense and virtue crown her charms:
Ah! seize the prize, and live content,
You'll ne'er of this wise choice repent.

Yet Hymen's self, true source of joy,
Th' experienc'd know in time may cloy,
If not by prudent care directed,
If decent forms are once neglected.
Kind offices must now supply
The place of youth and novelty;
Let Gallantry substitute its use,
And as a lover court your wife.

Let her in trifles have her will,
Yet reign her gentle sovereign still;
Should fancy sometimes lead to roam,
Confine her not too much at home;
Her love tho' center'd all in you,
Her charms let all with freedom view.
With public shews she'll glut her eyes,
And soon the vain parade despise.
Forbidden pleasures are more sweet;
But honey cloy when freely eat.

* *Rake's Progress*.

† *Dodley's Miscellanies*, vol. 5.

LXXXIX. *Retaliation; a poem. By Dr. Goldsmith. Including Epitaphs on the most distinguished wits of this Metropolis.* 4to. 11. 6d.

Dr. Goldsmith belonged to a club of *beaux Esprits*, where wit sparkled sometimes at the expence of good nature. It was propos'd to write epitaphs on the Doctor; his country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. The Doctor was called on for Retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the poem under consideration; in which (among a few others) are the following characteristical epitaphs:

Mr. EDMUND BURKE, the celebrated Orator.

HERE lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
[mankind.
And to party gave up, what was meant for Tho' fraught with all learning, kept straining his throat, [vote;
To persuade Dicky Whirworth to lend him a Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient; [expedient.
And too fond of the right to pursue the In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in play, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Mr. RICHARD BURKE, his Brother.

HERE lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at,
Alas! that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his, what wit, and what whim, [limb; †
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a Now wrangling and quibbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Mr. WM. BURKE, member for Bedwin.

HERE lies honest William, whose heart was a mint, [that was in't;
While the owner ne'er knew half the good

† No man was ever more happy in his sarcasms, nor more good humoured in his satirical observations, than Mr. Richard Burke. In a convivial meeting he has the happy knack of eternally raising a laugh at the expence of one or other of the company, but does it with such ease to the object of laughter, that the party can hardly distinguish between laughing with, or being laughed at, by those present.—He had frequently the misfortune to fracture his limbs.

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument
wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsey, the chariot drove
home;
Would you ask for his merits, alas! he had
none,
What was good was spontaneous, his faults
were his own.*

MR. CUMBERLAND, *the Dramatic Writer.*
HERE Cumberland lies, having acted his
parts; [hearts;
The Terence of England, the mender of
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as
they are.

His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their
own.

Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view,
To find out men's virtues, and finding them
few,

Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself? †

MR. GARRICK.

HERE lies David Garrick, describe me who
can, [man;
An abridgement of all that was pleasing in
As an actor, confess without rival to shine,
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent
heart,

The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judge in beauty, his colours he
spread, [red.
And beplaster'd, with rouge, his own better
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was
acting:

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day;
Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly
sick, [trick.

If they were not his own by finessing and
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack;
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whis-
tle them back.

Of praise, a mere glutton, he swallowed
what came, [fame;
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for
'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.

* This gentleman has a remarkable mixture of
good humour, good sense, and diffidence.

† He was the author of the *West-Indian*, the
Beauties, and the *Fashionable Lover*.

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind,
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Glovers so grave!
What a commerce was yours, while you got
and you gave?

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that
you rais'd, [prais'd?

While he was berocetus'd, and you were be-
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his
skill,

Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and
with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

SIR J. REYNOLDS, *the celebrated Painter.*

HERE Reynolds is laid, and to tell you
my mind,

He has not left a better or wiser behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly staring,
When they judg'd without skill he was fill
hard of hearing:

When they talked of their Raphaels, Cor-
regios and stuff,

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

XC. *Louisa, a Tale. By Charles Jenner, M. A.*
To which is added, an *Elegy to the memory of*
Lord Lyttelton. 4^{to}.

THIS poem is every where marked with
that simplicity and tenderness which have
generally distinguished the productions of
Mr. Jenner. We think the following de-
scription of the habitations and characters of
Melissa and Louisa, must please by their po-
etical merit.

Melissa blest'd with equal charms,

In equal bloom of youth,
Ambition led to aged arms

To vow unequal truth.

Four tedious years she wore those chains

Whose weight she never told,

Then reap'd the price of all her pains,

His lands and treasure'd gold.

Conspicuous on a mountain side

Her sumptuous mansion stood,

With many a valley skirting wide,

And many a spreading wood.

Proportion'd sweet, with hill and dale,

With chequer'd light and shade,

And Thames along the winding vale

His silver arms display'd.

The landscape oft the traveller view'd,

And saw through every part,

Nature in her most graceful mood

Led on by taste and art.

Beneath the mountain's shaggy side,

Bespread with antique wood,

In modest state and decent pride

Louisa's dwelling stood.

Never did traveller that way
With purpos'd step advance,
But if he happened there to stray,
He blest'd his lucky chance :

For Nature wander'd thro' the meads
To her own native bow'rs,
Clad in her simple russet weeds,
And deck'd with spring-time flow'rs :

And Comfort shew'd a turfy seat
His footsteps to detain,
While something simple, proper, neat,
Still lur'd him back again.

'Midst gay Melissa's splendid tow'rs
He wond'ring pass'd the day ;
And lefs he prais'd Louisa's bow'rs,
But could not hate away.

By some it may have fancied been,
Who love such truths to find,
That in each mansion might be seen
An emblem of each mind.

Melissa, born to be admir'd,
Might give a nation laws ;
Her sense, her beauty, all conspir'd
To draw a world's applause :

Whilst mild Louisa's gentle mind
To no vain pomp aspir'd,
For calm domestic joys design'd,
More lov'd tho' less admir'd.

Melissa's wit, Melissa's face,
No tongue could praise too high ;
No heart but felt Louisa's grace,
And prais'd her with a sigh.

Calypto thus her charms display'd,
To gain an empty bliss ;
The hero all due homage paid,
But sigh'd for Eccharis. [Mon. Rev.

XCI. *The History of English Poetry, from the Close of the Eleventh to the Commencement of the Eighteenth Century. To which are prefixed Two Dissertations : 1. On the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe. 2. On the Introduction of Learning into England. By Thomas Warton, B. D. 4to. 11. 1s.*

OF all the species of intellectual entertainment, there seems to be none more engaging, than that which exhibits the progress of the arts and sciences. To mark the gradual formation of taste, the slow but successful pursuit of truth, character, and nature ; to observe the efforts of the human mind, making its way through ages, from the depth of Gothic barbarity, till it exults in the full expansion of classical & philosophical splendor. This is one of the noblest and most interesting objects of human curiosity and investigation. In no sphere can there be researches be attended with a higher or more sentimental pleasure than in that of English poetry ; in tracing the history of which we find a degree of sensibility almost bordering on enthusiasm.

The first dissertation, on the origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe, contains abundance of antique learning and ingenious con-

jecture. It has been a received opinion, that this kind of Arabian fabling was introduced into the West by means of the Crusades ; but it is Mr. Wharton's object to shew that its reception in Europe runs higher than the æra of the Crusades, and he supposes that it was introduced into Spain by the Arabs or Saracens, who came thither from the northern coast of Africa, about the beginning of the eighth century.

Our learned Author has favoured us in this dissertation with some very ingenious observations on the Gothic poetry, a subject which has lately so much attracted the attention of those whose enquiries have led to the arts of antiquity.

" Among other arts which Odin's Goths planted in Scandinavia, their skill in poetry, to which they were addicted in a peculiar manner, and which they cultivated with a wonderful enthusiasm, seems to be most worthy our regard, and especially in our present enquiry.

" Their poetry contained not only the praises of their heroes, but their popular traditions and their religious rites ; and was filled with those fictions which the most exaggerated Pagan superstition would naturally implant in the wild imaginations of an Asiatic people. And from this principle alone, I mean of their Asiatic origin, some critics would at once account for a certain capricious spirit of extravagance, and those bold eccentric conceptions, which so strongly distinguish the old northern poetry. Nor is this fantastic imagery, the only mark of Asiaticism which appears in the Runic odes. They have a certain sublime and figurative cast of diction, which is indeed one of their predominant characteristics."

" A skill in poetry seems in some measure to have been a national science among the Scandinavians, and to have been familiar to almost every order and degree. Their Kings and Warriors partook of this epidemic enthusiasm, and on frequent occasions are represented as breaking forth into spontaneous songs and verses. || But the exercise of the poetical

" * Thus a Rainbow is called the bridge of the Gods. Poetry, the mead of Odin. The earth, the vessel that floats on ages. A ship, the horse of the waves. Ice, the vast bridge. Herbs, the fleece of the earth. A battle, a bath of blood, the hail of Odin, the flock of bucklers. A tongue, the sword of words. Night, the veil of cars. Rocks, the bones of the earth. Arrows, the halflings of helmets, &c. &c."

" * Harold Hardraade, King of Norway, composed sixteen songs of his expedition into Africa. Asbjorn Pruda, a Danish Champion, described his past life in nine strophes, while his enemy Bruce, a giant, was tearing out his bowels. " i. Tell my mother Suanhite in Denmark, that she will not this summer comb the hair of her son. I had promised her to return, but now

poetical talent was properly confined to a stated profession; and with their poetry the Goths imported into Europe a species of poets or fingers, whom they called *SCALDS* or *POLISHERS OF LANGUAGE*. This order of men, as we shall see more distinctly below, was held in the highest honour and veneration; they received the most liberal rewards for their verses, attended the festivals of heroic chiefs, accompanied them in battle, and celebrated their victories.

"These Scandinavian bards appear to have been esteemed and entertained in other countries besides their own, and by that means to have probably communicated their fictions to various parts of Europe. I will give my reasons for this supposition.

"In the early ages of Europe, before many regular governments took place, revolutions, emigrations, and invasions, were frequent and almost universal. Nations were alternately destroyed or formed; and the want of political security exposed the inhabitants of every country to a state of eternal fluctuation.—That Britain was originally peopled from Gaul, a nation of the Celts, is allowed: but that many colonies from the northern parts of Europe were afterwards successively planted in Britain and the neighbouring islands, is an hypothesis equally rational, and not altogether destitute of historical evidence. Nor was any nation more likely than the Scandinavian Goths, I mean in their early periods, to make descents on Britain. They possessed the spirit of adventure in an eminent degree. They were habituated to dangerous enterprises. They were acquainted with distant coasts, exercised in navigation, and fond of making expeditions, in hopes of conquest, and in search of new acquisitions. As to Scotland and Ireland, there is that highest probability, that the Scutes, who conquered both those countries, and possessed them under the names of *Albin Scutes* and *Irin Scutes*, were a people of Norway. The Caledonians are expressly called by many judicious antiqua-

my side shall feel the edge of the sword. ii. It was far otherwise, when we sat at home in mirth, chearing ourselves with the drink of ale; and coming from Hordeland passed the gulf in our ships; when we quaffed mead, and conversed of liberty. Now I alone am fallen into the narrow prisons of the giants. iii. It was far otherwise, &c." Every stanza is introduced with the same choral burden. The champion *Orvarodd*, after his expeditions into various countries, hung, on his death-bed, the most memorable events of his life in metre. *Hallmund*, being mortally wounded, commanded his daughter to listen to a poem which he was about to deliver, containing stories of his exploits, and to engrave it on tablets of wood. *Saxo Grammaticus* gives us a regular ode, uttered by the son of a King of Norway, who by mistake had been buried alive, and was discovered and awakened by a party of soldiers digging for treasure. *Saxo Grammaticus*. L. 5, p. 58.

ries a Scandinavian colony. The names of places and persons, over all that part of Scotland which the Picts inhabited, are of Scandinavian extraction. Flaherty reports it as a received opinion, and a general doctrine, that the Picts migrated into Britain and Ireland from Scandinavia."

We shall here beg leave to step back a moment to introduce a short digression concerning the ancient connection between Wales and Cornwall, &c.

"And here I digress a moment to remark, that in the circumstance just mentioned about Wales, of its connection with Armorica, we perceive the solution of a difficulty which at first sight appears extremely problematical: I mean, not only that Wales should have been so constantly made the theatre of the old British chivalry, but that so many of the favourite fictions which occur in the early French romances, should also be literally found in the tales and chronicles of the elder Welsh bards*. It was owing to the perpetual communication kept up between the Welch, and the people of Armorica who abounded in these fictions, and who naturally took occasion to interweave them into the history of their friends and allies. Nor are we now at a loss to give the reason why Cornwall, in the same French romances, is made the scene and the subject of so many romantic adventures†. In the mean time we may observe, what indeed has been already implied, that a strict intercourse was upheld between Cornwall and Wales, their languages, customs, and alliances, as I have hinted, were the same; and they were separated only by a strait of inconsiderable breadth. Cornwall is frequently filled West-Wales by the British writers. At the invasion of the Saxons, both countries became indiscriminately the receptacle of the fugitive Britons. We find the Welch and Cornish as one people, often uniting themselves in a national cause against the Saxons. They were frequently subject to the same prince, who sometimes resided in Wales, and sometimes in Cornwall; and the kings or dukes of Cornwall were perpetually sung by the Welch bards. Llygarn Gwr, a Welch bard, in his sublime and spirited ode to Llewellyn, son of Grunfuud.

* The story of *le court mantel*, or the boy and the mantle, told by an old French troubadour, cited by M. de Saint Palaye, is recorded in many manuscript Welch chronicles, as I learn from original letters of *Llywyl* in the *Almshausen Manuscript*. And from the same authority I am informed, that the fiction of the giant's coat composed of the beards of the kings whom he had conquered, is related in the legends of the bards of both countries. See *Notes* on the *Notes*.

† Hence in the *Almshausen* tales just quoted, mention is made of *Tutro* and *Exeter*, anciently included in Cornwall. In *Chaucer's Romance* of the Rose we have "Hornpils of Cornwall," among a great variety of musical instruments.

Gruffudd, the last prince of Wales of the British line, has a wish, "May the prints of the hoofs of my prince's steed be seen as far as CORNWALL." Traditions about king Arthur, to mention no more instances, are as popular in Cornwall as in Wales; and most of the romantic castles, rocks, rivers, and caves, of both nations, are alike at this day distinguished by some noble achievement, at least by the name, of that celebrated champion."

Of this capital work, so replete with entertainment and erudition, we shall continue to present our readers with further accounts.

Monthly Rev.

XCIII. A Father's Legacy to his daughters. By the late Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh, 2s. sewed.

THE amiable author of this small volume, who while living, was no less respected for his talents, than beloved for the qualities of his heart, intended these advices, as he himself informs us, *as the last proof of his affection to his daughters.* In all his writings, his principal view was the good of his fellow creatures, and to the wish of a son to contribute to that general design, and to do honour to the memory of a father, the public is indebted for a very acceptable present.

The Author has classed his observations under four general heads, Religion,—Conduct & Behaviour,—Amusements,—Friendship, Love, and Marriage; and on each of these subjects, so far as the female sex are interested in them, in the early part of life, he has made many pertinent and judicious remarks, arising naturally from his subjects and situation, and he has communicated them in an easy and unaffected style.

In the first section, after observing the utility of religious principles to a woman, either in a life of suffering and depression, which is too often the lot of the ill-treated sex, or in the opposite extreme of uncentrouled dissipation, he recommends the perusal of such books of religion only, as are addressed to the heart, and wisely cautions against entangling the female mind in the mazes of system, or controverted opinions. He makes a judicious observation, to which we believe few of his male readers will refuse their assent, "That even those men who are themselves unbelievers dislike infidelity in a woman." Pity it is, this truth were not more generally known and admitted.

On the second head, viz. of Conduct and Behaviour, he is warm in the recommendation of that amiable reserve, that retiring delicacy, which, without directly avoiding, seeks not the public eye. He cautions against indulging a talent for wit; and with regard to humour, though the less offensive talent, he sensibly remarks, that in a woman it may make her company be courted, but it is often a great enemy to delicacy, and still a greater to dignity of character. He censures an affectation of learning, and even too great

a display of good sense; as erring against the first rule of pleasing in conversation, which is to make every one pleased with himself.

On the head of Amusements, the Author recommends such of the more active kind as are conducive to health, and not at the same time inconsistent with female delicacy. His sentiments with regard to domestic employments, dress, and public amusements, are extremely judicious; and while they are far from favouring the fashionable dissipation of the age, they are equally removed from a rigid and unsocial severity.

In the last, and not least important section, the Author has examined the different duties and decorums, of Love, of Friendship, and of Marriage. In friendship between females, he advises an unlimited confidence, except in the article of Love. This may, perhaps, be condemned by some of his readers, as intimating a pretty severe reflexion upon the sex: The author's reasons, however, are certainly strong; the motives of delicacy, and the danger of a secret escaping, from the imprudence or inattention of a confidant. He advances a proposition still more disputable: 'If a gentleman's attachment, says he, is agreeable to you, I leave you to do as nature, good-sense, and delicacy shall direct you. If you love him, let me advise you never to discover to him the full extent of your love, no, not although you marry him. That sufficiently shews your preference, which is all he is entitled to know.' Our Author's reason is, that violent love cannot subsist for any time together on both sides, and that a reserve on one side is the only security against satiety. But may it not with justice be argued against this proposition, that however luxuriant the plant, it cannot long subsist in an ungrateful soil; that a man whose soul is devoted to one object is not worthily repaid by bare compliances, or by the scanty returns of gratitude; and that those who adopt this scheme of reserve in marriage, overlook the most refined enjoyment of which human nature is capable, the felicity which results from the consciousness of a mutual affection?

We recommend the attentive, the repeated perusal of this treatise to our young countrywomen; and though written professedly for the instruction of a daughter, it will be found to contain many hints extremely proper for the consideration of a parent.—*Monthly Rev.*

A Catalogue of New PUBLICATIONS, not noticed in our Review.

ANTIQUITIES of England and Wales; being a collection of views of the most remarkable ruins and ancient buildings, accurately drawn on the spot: To each view is added, an historical account of its situation, when and by whom built, with every interesting circumstance relating thereto. Collected from the best authorities. By Francis Grise, Esq; F. A. S. vol. II. 4to. 2l. 6s.

Four Introductory Lectures in Natural Philosophy. By Dr. H. Hamilton, F. R. S. 2s.

A new System; or, an analysis of ancient Mythology: Wherein an attempt is made to divest tradition of fable, and to reduce the truth to its original purity. By Jacob Bryant. 2 vols. 4to. 2l. 4s.

Experimental Enquiries: part II. Containing a description of the lymphatic system in the human subject, and in other animals. With plates. By Wm. Hewson, F. R. S. 6s.

The Patron. A satire. 1s.

The Muse in a fright; or, Britannia's lamentation. A rhapsody. 1s. 6d.

The Apostate Ecclesiastic, a poem. Being candid animadversions on that Rev. mock-patriot Parson H***ne. 1s.

The Estate-Orators; a town eclogue. 1s. Hero and Leander; a poem. From the Greek of Musæus. 2s.

Corin and Olinda; a legendary tale. In 3 parts. By Rd. Teede. 1s. 6d.

Sophronia and Hilaria; an elegy. By Ch. Crawford, Esq. 1s. 6d.

The Advantage of Misfortune; a poem. 1s.

An Elegy on the Fears of Death. 1s. 6d.

The Right of the British Legislature to tax the Colonies considered in a letter to the Rt. Hon. Lord North. 6d.

Some account of the State of Religion in London; in four letters to a friend in the country. 1s. 6d.

A letter to the most Rev. the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, on the present opposition to any further reformation. 6d.

The School for Husbands. Written by a Lady. 2 vols. 6s.

History of Ld. Stanton, a novel. 5 vols. 15s.

The Orphan Swains, or London contagious to Country. By a young Libertine reformed. 2 vols. 6s.

The Newspaper Wedding, or an advertisement for a husband. A novel. 2 vols. 6s.

The Lives of Sir Matthew Hale, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of England; Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; and Queen Mary. Written by Bishop Burnet. 4s.

The Divine Predilections of Daniel and St. John demonstrated, in a symbolical theological dissertation on Cox's Museum. 1s. 6d.

New Reflections on the errors committed in both sexes, before and after marriage. By a young Lady. 1s.

A critical Enquiry into the legality of proceedings consequent of the late Geld Act. 1s.

The Italian School of Painting; consisting of 40 prints, taken from the works of all the great Italian masters, beginning with Michael Angelo, and ending with the Caracci. Executed under the inspection of Mr. Hamilton, at Rome. 4l. 14s. 6d.

A candid state of affairs relative to East-India Shipping, for 1773. By Sir Richard Hotham. 2s.

La Cloche De L'Ane; or, Conscience the loudest knell. A satire. 6d.

A familiar Epistle to the Author of the Harsh Epistle to Sir Wm. Chambers. 1s. 6d.

Observations on the discourses delivered at the Royal Academy, addressed to the President. 1s.

A letter to the Bishop of Chester, on occasion of his sermon preached before the House of Lords, Jan. 31. By A. Henderson. 6d.

A specimen of Persian Poetry; or, Ode of Hafez, with an English translation and paraphrase. By J. Richardson, F. A. S. 5s. 3d. Eusebius and Evander, a poem: by S. P. founded on fact, being a narrative of two unfortunate Lovers. 2s.

Old heads on young shoulders; or, youth's pleasing guide to knowledge, and riches. 3s.

The Friend; or, essays instructive and entertaining for youth of both sexes. 2s. 6d.

An introduction to Mr. James Anderson's *Epilemata Scoticæ*. 2s. 6d.

A letter to Governor Pownall, on the high price of bread. 1s.

A new Dictionary of French Idioms; being a select collection of several thousand idiomatical phrases, most usual in the best French writers, with the English adapted. By A. De Treitorrens, teacher of French. 1s.

The Practical Grammar; or, an easy way to understand English. By Tho. Smetham, master of the academy at Southgate. 1s. 6d.

The American Crisis; a letter addressed, by permission, to Earl Gower, Lord President of the Council, &c. By W. Allen, Esq. 1s. 6d.

A brief Review of the rise and progress, services and sufferings, of New England, especially the Province of Massachusetts Bay. 6d.

The right of the British Legislature to tax the American colonies vindicated, and the means of asserting that right proposed. 1s.

America vindicated from the high charge of ingratitude and rebellion. 1s.

The Trinket, a novel. By a Lady. 3s.

A Treatise upon Fines. By James Chetwynd, Barrister at Law. 5s.

The divine character of Christ considered and vindicated. By John Bearton. 1s. 6d.

Free and candid Remarks on a Sermon preached on a public occasion, by the Rev. Wm. Graham, A. M. intitled, "Repentance the only condition of final acceptance." By George Haggerston. 1s.

The case of Duelling considered, with respect both to the challenger and challenged. By Robert South, D. D. 6d.

A Dissertation on the distinct powers of Reason and Revelation. By the late Rev. Dr. Spencer Cowper, Dean of Durham. 6d.

Mistakes in Religion exposed; in an essay on the prophecy of Zacharias. By H. Venn, M. A. 3s.

The Duellist, a bravo to God, and a coward to man; and, therefore, impossible to be "A man of honour." A sermon. By the Rev. Wm. Scott, M. A. 1s.

A Sermon preached at the opening of the chapel in Essex-House in the Strand. By Theophilus Lindsey. M. A. 6d.

A covenant: God the believer's never failing friend. A funeral sermon. By Samuel Brewer, B. D. 1s.

[MAY

delivered
to the Pn

, on occa
the House
on, 6d.

; or, Ode
on and pa
S. 5s. 3d.
: by S. P.
re of two

or, youth's
riches. 3s.
ve and en-
2s. 6d.
Anderson's

on the high

orns; being
ed idioma-
heit French
d. By A.
. 1s.

n easy way
Smetham,
e. 1s. 6d.

idressed, by
President
sq. 1s. 6d.

ogress, fer-
land, espe-
s Bay. 6d.

ture to tax
d, and the
osed, 1s.

high charge

ady. 3s.
James Chet-

considered
1s. 6d.

a Sermon
by the Rev.
"Repent-
acceptance."

, with re-
challenged.

powers of
te Rev. Dr.
m. 6d.

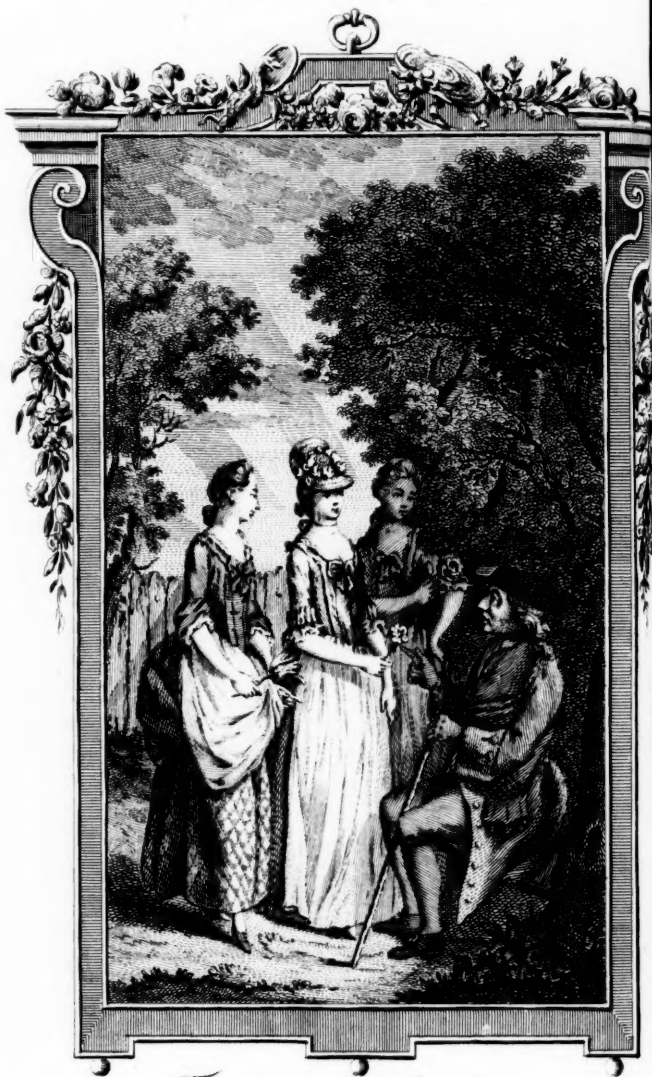
in an essay
y H. Venn,

and a cow-
possible to
on. By the

ring of the
trand. By

, never fail-
By Samuel

Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.



The Choice of the Sisters.

FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

The SISTER'S CHOICE:

O R,
JUDGMENT of the FLOWERS.

(With a fine Engraving.)

NEAR AVON'S banks, a cultur'd spot,
With many a tuft of flow'rs adorn'd,
Was once an aged shepherd's cot,
Who scenes of greater splendor scorn'd.
Three beauteous daughters blest his bed,
Who made the little plat their care;
And every sweet by FLORA spread,
Attentive still they planted there.
Once when still ev'ning veil'd the sky,
The firewalk'd forth, and fought the bow'r,
And bade the lovely maids draw nigh,
And each select some fav'rite flow'r.
The first, with radiant splendor charm'd,
A variegated TULIP chose;
The next, with love of beauty warm'd,
Preferr'd the sweetly-blushing ROSE.
The third,—who mark'd with depth of thought
How those bright flowers must droop
away.—
An EV'NING PRIMROSE only brought,
Which opens with the closing day.
The sage awhile in silence view'd,
The various choice of flowers display'd,
And then, (with wisdom's gift endu'd)
Address'd each beauteous list'ning maid:
"Who chose the TULIP's splendid dyes,
" Shall own, too late, when that decays,
" That vainly proud, not greatly wise,
" She only caught a short-liv'd blaze:
" The ROSE, though beauteous leaves and
sweet,
" Its glorious vernal pride adorn,
" Let her who chose, beware to meet
" The biting sharpness of its thorn:
" But she, who to fair day-light's train,
" The EV'NING FLOW'ER more just pre-
fer'd,
" Chose real worth, nor chose in vain
" The one great object of regard.
" Ambitious thou! the TULIP race
" In all life's vary'd course beware;
" Caught with sweet pleasure's rosy grace,
" Do thou its sharper thorns beware.
" Thou, prudent still to virtue's lore,
" Attend, and mark her counsels sage;
" She, like thy flow'r, has sweets in store,
" To soothe the ev'ning of thine age."
He ceas'd—attend the moral strain
The Muse enlighten'd pours,
Nor let her pencil trace in vain
The Judgment of the Flow'rs.

AN EPISTLE to a YOUNG LADY.

By the late Mr. J. M'MILLAN.

FROM AUGUSTA'S high turrets, where
proudly she smiles,
By her villas surrounded, the queen of the Isles;
Where much may be heard, but where more
may be seen;
Where Freedom is Riot, and Virtue is Spleen;
Where Wisdom is Riches, and Riches are
Grace—
I greet ISABELLA, and greet her in peace.

The prospect to brighten, to vary the scene,
Let the Muse quit her fields of perpetual green;
Let her leave Arethusa, the fountain of song,
And guide me the vales and the green woods
among.

Oh! place me, ye Pow'rs, in some rural re-
treat, [me a seat;
Where the bank strew'd with daisies affords
Where the marigold nods o'er the brink of
the brook, [crook;
Where the shepherd with lilies encircles his
Where MAY, all around the green dale as she
goes, [rose;
From her lap throws the daffodil, cowslip, and
Whilst AURORA with dew-drops besprinkles
the thorn,
Or paints the grey clouds with the blushes
of morn!

To a scene so enchanting, retirement so
sweet,
The blue mantled Muses delight to retreat;
From them you will study your taste to im-
prove, [grove;
And follow their steps to the mead or the
The Muses and Graces are nearly ally'd,
For the Graces will point where the Muses
will guide.
As you wander the flow'rs of Parnassus
among, [the song,
Now fann'd by the breeze, and now rapt by
Full oft will your bosom partake of his fire,
And be grave or be gay, as the bard will inspire.
But, oh! when you read the sad tale of despair,
Of worth unregarded, and bleeding with care,
Of virtue betray'd, or of beauty distrest,
Indulge the soft tumult that heaves in your
breast;
Indulge the soft tear that is ready to start—
'Tis richer than rubies—it comes from the
heart.

Did the fair but indulge, unrestrain'd by
control,
Those delicate feelings that soften the soul;
Did they blend, with the tender emotions of
love, [approve;
That refinement of taste which our sense must
Hew

Now num'rous would then be their talents to
warm! [each charm!

Now pointed each dart, and how heighten'd
Ten thousand kind Cupids would aid them
to win, [within.

And their bloom be improv'd by the beauties
Adieu, then, the arts that Coquettes have
essay'd!

The languishing leer, and the bosom display'd,
The side glance, the lip, and the flirt of the fan,
And the smile—at that strange, monstrous
creature call'd MAN!

Contentment would deepen the blush on the
face,

And the bosom of love be the cottage of peace.
The kindred refinement our manners would
meet, [toet;

And polish our souls whilst we kneel at your
Pride, scandal, and rage from their bosom
would fly,

And envy, pale envy, would languish and die.

When Laura, the fairest of all that are fair,
With her roses and lilies, her shape and her air;
Her voice so enchanting, so brilliant her eyes,
That you'd swear it was Venus come down
from the skies!

When she leads in the dance, or presides in
the throng,

The queen of all hearts, of all poets the song:
Must Belinda, for this, disregard her own face,
And neglect her dear lap-dog, her pray'rs, and
her lace?

For this must she mix her bosom with the spleen,
And her charms though less bright, be de-
vour'd by chagrin?

Must her toilette be robb'd of its patches and
paste,

Her tresses uncurl'd, and unmantled her waist?

At eve, as I wander thro' Granta's sweet
vale, [dale,

As I stray thro' the forest, or range o'er the
When I see how the rose leans its languishing
head, [that fade,

And the primroses weep o'er the snow-drops
I reflect with a sigh (take a hint from the
dew), [an hour,

That beauty and bloom are the dreams of
For time, thro' his course as unwearied he flies,
Steals a rose from the cheek, or a star from
the eyes;

Each moment comes fraught with a thou-
sand alarms,

Each moment that runs is the thief of your
charms.

Believe me, my friend, 'tis the source of
our woe, [low;

That too highly we prize our enjoyments be-
And, starting from reason and all her decrees,
For baubles and trifles we barter our ease,

If a lover is false, or a patch is misplac'd—
If your bloom—or your child—is falling to
waste;

If a friend—or a lap dog—is robb'd of his
breath;

Then we rave out for poisons, and daggers,
and death!

Betray'd by our hopes, and by folly perplex,
We wish, in this life, for the joys of the next.
Oh! blind to the truth!—let us learn to be-
lieve [ceive;

That pride is a cheat, and will surely de-
That contentment—an angel sent down from
the skies,

Is possess'd but by few—and those few are
the wife,

As for me, tho' a neighbour starts up to
be great, [his estate;

Tho' my Lord has his coach, and 'tis Knight
Tho' their gardens are green, and their houses
are fine, [mine?

Shall I curse my stars that their gifts are not
No, no—

'Tis the maxim Philosophy taught us to hear,
(I was Plato who spoke, and let mortals
revere) [charms,

That grandeur, at distance admir'd for its
Oft dazzles our eyes, and our reason disarms;
But strip it of pomp, and the trappings of
kings, [strings—

Its plumes and its purple, its diamonds and
Let the curtain be drawn—we behold (and
we sigh),

That a King is more hapless, more wretched
than I.

Since, then, from misfortunes no station is
free, [to me;

From the throne to the cot, from the monarch
In the midst of this tumult 'tis wise to be gay,
And in spite of them all will I carol my lay.

Away, then, the Hermit, his lamp, and
his cell, [the well;

His food from the tree, and his drink from
The dew-dropping gloom, and the moon-
light glade,

And be say-footed cheerfulness plac'd in
their stead.

And come thou, Philosophy, queen of the
mind, [sign'd.

In thy arms let me slumber, content and re-
Come thou, too, bright Virtue, thy aspect so
meek, [thy cheek;

With the beam on thy brow, and the blush on
Let Freedom, let Innocence sport in thy train,
And rural Simplicity nurs'd on the plain:

Let Good-humour be there, with the smile
on her face,

The hermit Content, and the shepherds
Peace.

Whilst I, on the banks where old Cam
slowly creeps, [weeps,

Reclin'd in the shade of the willow that
Indulge the sweet dreams that the mind can
impart,

With a song in my head, and a sigh in my heart;
May my friend, unmolested, her studies pursue,

With Milton, with Newton, and Addison too!

And oh! while you read, may the sentiments
roll [the soul;

From the head to the heart, from the heart to
May contentment and hope be the guests of
your breast,

And blit be the Fairy that sings you to rest!

The Complaint of the Sifterhood;

O R,
SALISBURY in the Year 1730.

IN cobweb garret full of lumber,
Where batts and spiders out of number
Took up their habitation,
Whence air and light, the boon of heaven,
By *window-tax* were safely driven,
A scandal to the nation;

In this damp, dark, and dismal place,
Three sisters, to their great disgrace,
For years were doom'd to dwell,

Tumbled by fate and change of times
(When virtue blended is with crimes)
Into this noisome cell.

It happen'd that a friendly ray
Through a dark cranny found its way

From Sol's enlivening throne,
Dispell'd the gloomy shades of night,
Rous'd the poor *exiles* with his light,

When each thus made its moan:

The *Pillion* first from shelf on high,
With doleful sob, and deep-fetch'd sigh,

The tedious fience broke;—

"This glimmering only serves to show,

"How chang'd's my lot, how great's my

"How heavy is my yoke;

[woe,

"My velvet cover'd o'er with dust,

"My polish'd buckles clad in rust,

"My gold and silver lace

"Tarnish'd with damp;—I'm filth and rags,

"Eaten by moths to shreds and jags,

"The effence of disgrace!

"That I the haughty steed adorn'd

"With costly trappings nicely form'd,

"What does it now avail!

"That in my lap on softest skin,

"Either to church or to an inn,

(For mortals' fure are frail)

"To an assembly or a ball,

"On business or at pleasure's call,

"In safety I convey'd

"The goodly matron and her 'squire,

"To conventicle or the quire,

"Or to the dance the maid;

"All this and more avails me not;

"I'm quite despis'd, and left to rot!

"My virtue's thus rewarded!

"'Tis coach, and chariot, and post-chaise,

"'Tis they alone that now can please;

"Poor I am disfreighted!

"Curse on the times"—When from below,

Hung on a peg, in accents low,

A *Ridinghood* retarded

Her hasty warmth, and angry words,

Which cut more sharp than two-edg'd swords

When reason's not regarded:

"Cease, sister, cease, thy passion cool,
"Fury's the index of a fool;

"My fate is more severe;

"The females I've as much befriended

"As you—My benefits extended

"To every want and fear;

"'Twas I who guarded them from cold,

"From rain and snow, both young and old,

"Attended them to church,

"On visits, and at balls, and plays,

"In bitter winter's roughest days

"Ne'er left them in the lurch:

"If in your lap the pretty maid

"To sit with ease was not afraid,

"Yet view my happier case,

"From head to foot I screen'd her o'er,

"Encircled all her charms—nay more,

"I kiss'd her lovely face.

"Think then on me, dear sister, think,

"And sure thy greatest wrongs must sink

"In weight, and ease thy mind!

"By cruel *parent** I'm thus slighted,

"Whom in my youth I much delighted,

"To all my merits blind:

"For in disgrace she's thrown me by,

"In filth, and dirt, and moths to lye,

"A nuisance to myself,

"And substituted in my place

"A motley, flimsy, scanty race,

"(The brood of nafty pelf)

"Of hats and bonnets, capuchins,

"Card'nals, terefas, pillarines,

"A sad fantastic crew,

"Void of all worth,—by faith my spleen

"Curdles within me at the scene

"Of such a frantic shew;

"Pox on 'em all!"—Hold, sister, pray,

Be calm, and hear what I've say,

It merits all attention,—

Against the frowns and turns of fate,

To gain her smiles, or 'scape her hate,

There's no secure prevention!

Thus from the inmost corner broke

A clattering voice, which then bespoke

A mind imprest'd with grief:

"In silent sadness I've attended

"To both your murmurings, which ended,

"I offer this relief;

"Comparison makes evils light,

"Which appear great at the first sight,

"And easier to be borne;

"This wholesome lesson learn from me,

"Your sister *Pattin's* hard decree,

"Much harder than your own;

"Your boasted favours from the fair

"Are nought to mine, are light as air,

Therefore the less your fall;

"Your services of smaller merit,

"Rewards therefore you should inherit

"In size proportional:

"Who carried Grannum Coles to matins?

"'Twas I, your pious sister *Pattins*,

"With careful, godly pace;

"To church I safely did convey,

"On festival, or fasting day,

"The praying female race:

"The younger ladies were my care,

"When they walk'd out to take the air,

"Or saunter'd thro' the streets,

"I kept them clean from dirt, and dry,

"When rattling torrents tumbled by,

"From rain which fell in sheets:

* *Ridinghoods* were first invented at Salisbury.

"When the sweet fair-one, dress'd like May,
To the assembly, or the play.

"Walk'd with magick air,

"I had the favour to attend her,

"With faithful services besfriend her,

"And wait her pleasure there:

"But when the chole to take her leave,

"Each beau with eager haste did strive,

"*Bob Jenner, White, and Kent,*

"To put me on with bended knee,

"And careful trembling hand;—on me

"Such honours then were lent:

"The length of every foot I had

"Of all the pretty Pullens,

"Sweet *Jenny Burgines*—yes, egad,

"The charming *Hetty Muller*'s.

"Patience, dear *Sisters*, fortune, I trust,

"Will one day raise us from the dust,

"To our once envied glory,

"When coach and chaise will both be lost,

"Like morning dew, or July frost,

"Like quondam wig and tory. 1730.

To the Editors of the Monthly Miscellany.

WHEN I communicated those verses of the late Dr. Watts to Lady Sunderland, inserted in your last Miscellany, I by some means overlooked the following lines, occasioned thereby, which I think will be equally acceptable to your readers. Accept of them, therefore, as a mite more cast into your treasury, by

Your constant reader, RUMSEY. T. P.

WHILE numerous bards have sounded
Spencer's name,
And made her beauties heirs of lasting fame,
Her memory, still, to their united praise,
Stands less indebted than to Watts's lays:
What pow'r must to that mortal Fair be giv'n,
To move a mind that dwelt so near to heav'n!

The above lines are said to have been written by a learned Gentleman in London, in some departments successor to Dr. Watts.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

The VISITOR.

[By the late Rev. Mr. Gregg, of St. Alban's.]

TO Nature, on earth, a short visit we pay,
That visit, at longest, no more than a day;

We rise in the morning with tears in our eye,
Says Nature, and gives us a rattle, "don't cry;"

We sit down to breakfast, 'tis gone in a trice,
And well we remember our mother's advice;
The tears from our eyes we wipe off too soon,
And play the farce Pastime through all the forenoon;

With a short grace, if any, we sit down to dine;
At the feast we forget, that the day will decline:

'Tis declining already, for, if you can see,
'Tho' you told the clock twelve, mark the hand! that's at three.

Over coffee and tea how we trifle and prate
'Till evening, and then "who'd have thought 'twas so late?"

Says Nature, "arise, make your bow, and away,"

My chaise at the door, and the driver won't
Reluctant we enter, the reason I know,
We are not quite sure to what inn we shall go:
Inn! that's not the word, and we know it too well,

For homeward we go, and are going to dwell,
And are we quite sure we shall dwell at our ease?

And shall we reside just as long as we please?
That, that is the point, but where'er we retire,

The lease of our dwelling will never expire,
Mankind are the *visitors*, warn'd at the tho't,
At your visit behave as such *visitors* ought.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

A SONG.

FOR whom are now your airs put on?
And what new beauty deom'd to be undone?

That careless elegance of dress,
This effence that perfumes the wind,
Your every motion does confess,
Some secret conquest is design'd,

Alas! the poor unhappy maid,
To what a train of ills betray'd!

What fears, what pangs shall rend her breast!

How will her eyes dissolve in tears!

That now with glowing joy is blest,

Charm'd with the faithless vows she hears.

So the young sailor, on the summer's sea,

Gaily pursues his destin'd way,

Fearless and careless on the deck he stands,

'Till sudden storms arise and thunders roll;

In vain he casts his eyes to distant lands,

Distraction, terror, tear his tim'rous soul.

For me, secure, I view the raging main,

Past are my dangers, and forgot my pain!

My votive tablet in the temple shews

The monument of folly past;

I paid the bounteous God my grateful vows,

Who snatch'd from ruin, sav'd me at the last.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

Written EXTEMPORE on a religious dispute between Mr. E—K—Y and the late Mr. NASH of Bath.

ON faith, and grace, and mysteries high,

Two wits harangued the table;

E—K—Y believes, he knows not why,—

Nash swears, 'tis all a tale,

Go, learned casuists, hence agree;

Nash, kiss thy empty brother;

Religion laughs at fees like thee,

But dreads a friend like thee.

The first Ode of HAFEZ paraphrased.

[From Richardson's Specimen of Persian Poetry.]

FILL, fill the cup with sparkling wine,
 Deep let me drink the juice divine,
 To soothe my tortur'd heart:
 For love, who seem'd at first so mild,
 So gently lock'd, so gaily smil'd,
 Here deep has plung'd his dart.
 When, sweeter than the damask rose,
 From Leila's locks the zephyr blows,
 How glows my keen desire!
 I chide the wanton gale's delay,
 I'm jealous of his am'rous play,
 And all my soul's on fire.

To Love the flowing goblet drain,
 With wine the sacred carpet stain,
 If your gay host invites;
 For he who treads the mazy round
 Of mighty love's enchanted ground,
 Knows all his laws and rites.

But longer, midst the young and fair,
 With happy mind and easy air,
 Can I delighted roam?

When, hark! the heart-alarms bell
 Proclaims aloud, with dismal knell,
 Depart, thy hour is come!

The night now darkens all around,
 Now howl the winds, the waves resound;

We part to meet no more:
 Our dreadful fate how can they know,
 Whose tranquil hours unruffled flow
 Secure upon the shore?

How many tales does slander frame,
 And rumour whisper 'gainst my fame;

With malice both combine:
 Because I wish to pass my days,
 Despising what each slanderer says,

With friendship, love, and wine,

But, Hafez, if thou wouldst enjoy
 Ecstatic rapture, so I-felt joy,
 Flest as the powers above,
 Snatch to thy arms the blooming maid,
 Then, on her charming bosom laid,
 Abandon all for love.

 Written in a young Lady's Prayer-book.

YOUTH, beauty, health, and mirthful
 ease,
 Have each their sev'ral pow'rs to please:
 But where's the nymph, among the fair,
 That knows the charm, the pow'r of prayer?
 Believe me, Hebe, in this book,
 The brightest eye may deign to look;
 May seek, may find a better grace
 Than e'er adorn'd the fairest face.
 Yet the recital of the words,
 Nor love, nor joy, nor grace affords;
 When prayer its proper music brings,
 The soul itself must strike the strings.
 The pious heart, with love sincere,
 May breathe its sighs in secret here;
 Or burn with joys to all unknown,
 But breaths of angels and its own.

M. K. 2

[Univ. Mag.]

The W A L K.

In pride our error lies.

POPE.

WHEN most retir'd, Reflection's active
 pow'r [eye.

Most busied, holds Truth's mirror to our
 How wretched those who dread a lonely hour!
 To shun intruding Care, to crowds they fly.
 Happiness dwells not in the pomp of state:
 Nor gold, nor sway, the blessing can impart;
 It flies the throne, it flies th' ambitious great,
 And dwells serenely in the humble heart.
 Come then, Humility, be thou my guest,
 Teach me my haughty passions to controul:
 Thou, who adorn'st the favour'd Levite's
 breast,

And shone divinely in Messiah's soul!
 Without thee, Merit but creates disgust;
 Presuming Innocence can never charm.
 Thou, sweetly suppliant, prostrate in the dust,
 Can'st the just anger of the God disarm!

When the great Saviour to his faithful train
 Bequeath'd his peace, Thee too he left
 below:

Where art thou found? What form dost thou
 retain? [blow.

Bleat in the lamb, or in the snow-drop
 The snow-drop, emblem fair, of modest
 worth,

(So virtue pure, the boasts of fame declines)
 By lowly bending to the fable earth,
 Heightens its lustre, and its tint refines.

Not like the tawdry sun-flower, high display'd
 In summer's noon, to court the vulgar gaze;
 Merit most charms us blooming in the shade,
 And, by not seeking, meets discernment's
 praise. [Sent. Mag.]

ON VIRTUE.

O Lovely goddess! fairest gift of heav'n!
 Thy pleasant paths o'er-run with flow'rs
 of peace,

Fatigue no traveller, no night o'ertakes;
 No fable darkness overspreads the mind
 Of him that persevereth in thy ways.

Sould disappointment, with her talons, tear,
 Or cloven-footed malice dare attack;
 Unmov'd he'll view them with indifference,
 Or, as the winged lark strait soars aloft,
 His mind will mount on Contemplation's
 wing,

And chaunt ejaculations to the skies.—
 E'en should that horrid monster, cruel war,
 Make it his duty on the embattled plain
 To meet in bloody fight his country's foe;
 With steady courage he'll the call obey;
 And, 'midst the horrid din of fire and sword,
 His breast is calm, and all is peace within:
 Conscious of having serv'd both God and man,
 He lives to honour, or he dies to gain.

When silly mortals leave fair Virtue's ways,
 And sutter modish vice to make them tools,
 Oh! what a dismal change their hearts be-
 trays,

And each transition will proclaim their souls.

ON VICE.

Unhappy man, ha! thrice unhappy he,
That loses the fair robe of innocence,
To put on thy loose habit all forlorn;
His guard is lost, his greatest bulwark gone;
He as a coward dreads to shew his face,
Or meditate or rear his head to Conscience,
Where lurks the viper, there the serpent broods,
And when the busy world to rest retires,
Expands its sting, and forcibly wounds the
breast:

Or should exhausted nature yield to sleep,
And the dull god of slumber close his eyes,
E'en then his troubled brain his mind affrights.

Should the blind goddess grant him wealth
in store,

Or earthly grandeur court him to her shrine,
And pleasure seem to hover all around;
Yet these are all but superficial toys,
That cannot penetrate to ease his heart;
But, as a gilded monumental tomb,
Serves well to hide the impurity within,
Still lurks the golden hydra with its poignant
dart;

The dread of judgment, and of death etern,
Marrs all his bliss, or drives him to Despair:
Whose horrid gulph admits no cheering ray,
Of hope, or mercy, on a dying day.

Epitaph on Dr. GOLDSMITH.

By W. WOTY.

ADIEU, sweet bard! to each fine feeling
true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Those charm'd to form e'en vicious minds,
and these

With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt.
None gave more free, for none more deeply
felt.

Sweet bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise;
Yes—there survive to time's remotest day,
While drops the bust and boastful tombs decay.
Reader! if numbered in the muses train,
Oh tune the lyre, and imitate his strain;
But if no poet thou, reverse the plan,
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

A CAUTION.

SELF-Exaltation, view'd in every light,
And most when under a religious form,
The dire effects of our corruption shews.
With every other evil this renounce,
And let humility your heart possess.
Searing in pride presumptuous man is fall'n,
Our hope is from the Deity deriv'd,
Redemption, plain'd by him, redemption can state.
For the Great Parent of the Universe,
Who heav'n and earth, and all their hosts has
form'd,

Most High and Holy the Eternal Good;
Though in the high and holy place he dwells,
The splendour of his glory which displays,

Midst them who have their pristine state pre-
serv'd,

Yet so transcendent and immense his love
And condescension are, he dwells with them,
Who poor in spirit and contrite are found,
The spirit of the humble to revive,
And heart of those who truly are contrite.
Of this great bliss they cannot be depriv'd,
Should all the powers that hostile are com-
bine,

By force or art, their injury to procure.
He is their present help, their sure defence,
On him in all things justly they rely,
And none can ever hurt them but themselves.

EPIGRAMS.

On a Dispute whether ABSENCE ended LOVE.

A Little love deserves not passion's name;
A taper's light is hardly call'd a flame;
A transient wind extinguishes the fire,
And a short absence cools a small desire;
But when the heat on th' whole vital preys,
E'en tempests but increase th' pow'rful blaze.

NATURAL religion, easy first, and plain,
'Till tales brought mystery, and int'rest gain;
Then feasts and sacrifice were first prepar'd,
The priests eat roastmeat, & the people starv'd.

"WHAT'S more pow'rful, Damon cries,
"Than my lovely Flavia's eyes?"

Arch young Thyrsis, envious swain,
Quick replies, "I'll tell you plain,
"What the conquests has undone,
"Which those pow'rful eyes have won,
"Both alike to her belong—
"Damon, Damon,—tis her TONGUE."

To the Editors of the Monthly Miscellany.

I Fancy the greatest admirers of the late
Dean Swift's talents (of which number
I am one) will not think the following com-
ment an unfair one.—Speaking of Flattery,
the Dean says,

"Flattery, the food of fools!
"But now and then your men of wit,
"Will condescend to take a bit."

Yet, in the principal room of the Deanery-
house of St. Patrick's, Dublin, on a full-
length picture of the Dean put up some years
before he was insane, the following lines
were inscribed, and are still to be seen there:

"Effigiem hanc Reverendi admodum viri
"Jon. Swift, S. T. P. Ecturæ Cath. Sancti
"Patrici, Dub. Decanus in perpetuum horum
"ædium totius Cleri & hujusce præcipue
"gentis decus amoris & obsequantia ergo
"pingi curavit capitulum suum.
"Presenti tibi maturos largiatur honores,
"Nil omittere alias, nil ortum tale facientes."

The flattering part may be thus translated.

"To thee a present, God, our vows we pay,
"Devoutly owning, nought so great, so wise,
"Hath ever risen, or shall ever rise."

Both, April 22, 1774.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

The fashionable DRESS for MAY, as established at *St. James's* and *Bath*.

LADIES in FULL DRESS still wear their Hair low before, far back, and Curls across;—small Flies, the Wings very wide apart at the top and very small, and short Lappets; or long Lappets without Flies in Fancy, with large Flowers;—Small plaited or puffed Blond Ruffs for the Neck, and Buffs;—Negligees of pale Lutetring, different Colours, trimmed with Blond and Gauze Flounces, with Tassels and Zephyrs in Fancy, or of Muslin, worked with Colours, lined with Sarfenet, and trimmed with Mignonet.

UNDRESS, Irish Muslin or Chintz Brunswick Dresses, or Night-Gowns;—Petticoats of Marcellies Quiting with broad Fringe, or coloured Sarfenet or Persian;—Chip or open Hats trimm'd with Blend and Ribbon;—White Sarfenet Cloaks, short behind, and long before, with very broad or very narrow Lace.—Shoes, Slippers, &c. as last Month.

The favourite **RIDING-DRESS** is a light-coloured Cassimere, lin'd with different colour'd Silks, trimm'd with Silk Chain and Tassels of the same Colour, and small Metal Buttons.

GENTLEMEN.

Plain light-colour'd Frocks and Waistcoats with Gilt Wire Buttons, or Tambour'd Waistcoats, and Breeches of the same Colour, constitute the genteel Morning Drefs of the Gentlemen.—And French Frock Suits, of light-colour'd Cloth, with Gold or Double-gilt Buttons, the Afternoon Drefs.

+++++

Marriages, Deaths, Preferments, Prices of Corn and Stocks.

MARRIED.

THE only son and heir of Lord Washinton to Miss Challiner, daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Challiner, merchant, of Leek in Yorkshire.

The Rev. Stephen White, vicar of Lavington, Lincolnshire, to Miss Sellen, daughter of the Rev. Wm. Sellen, minister of Clerkenwell.

Mr. John Stride, attorney at law, of the Inner Temple, London, to Miss Adams, daughter of the late Alexander Adams, Esq; of Poundstreet, near Bristol.

At Clifton church, John Freeman, jun. Esq; to Miss Hobhouse, daughter of the late Henry Hobhouse, Esq; of Bristol.

Capt. Archibald Douglas, of the 13th reg. of dragoons, to Miss Crosby, daughter of the late Sir Paul Crosby, Bart.

Rev. Mr. Higgins, of St. Paul's school, to Miss Colley, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Colley, of Mile-End.

Robert Jackson, Esq; of Mark-lane, to Miss Huttler, only daughter of Mr. Alderman Huttler, of Bury St. Edmund's.

At Jersey, Mr. Charles Le Maistre, to Miss Mary Durell, second daughter of Thomas Durell, Esq; viscount of that island.

Mr. Evans, mercer, of Bromyard, in Herefordshire, to Miss Adlington, of Southampton.

Capt. George Fenwick, of the 11th reg. of foot, to Miss Baker, only daughter of Thos. Baker, Esq; of Salisbury.

Rev. W. Chafy, of Stalbridge, fellow of Sidney college, Cambridge, to Miss Chafy, of Sherborne.

Rev. Mr. Huntingford, master of the free grammar-school at Warminster, to Miss Seagram.

At Frome, the Rev. Mr. David, a dissenting minister, to Miss Allen.

By a special licence, Robert Shafto, Esq; of Whitworth in Durham, to Miss Duncombe, eldest daughter of Thos. Duncombe, Esq; of Yorkshire.

James Underhill, Esq; of Albemarle-street, aged 76, to Miss Snowden, of Dover-street, aged 92.

Capt. Hofter, of Dartmouth, to Miss Perring of Exeter.

Monday the 4th inst. was married, at Fontmill, Dorset, Mr. Henry Luth, of Twyford, to Miss Monk, of Fontmill, an agreeable young lady, with a fortune of 2000l. After the ceremony, the new-married couple, instead of making the fashionable excursion to the metropolis, to celebrate their nuptials, generously and sumptuously entertained at home near 300 people, who accompanied them to church.

At Heneglwys, in Anglesey, Wm. Pritherch, Esq; eldest son of John Pritherch, Esq; to Miss Edwards, youngest daughter of Rob. Edwards, Esq; of Bedwyn.

Thomas Field, Esq; of Great Ormond-street, to Miss Mary Guichenot, of Chelsea.

At Northwood, in the life of Wight, Thomas Gill, Esq; collector of his Majesty's customs, to Miss Todd.

Mr. Rowley, of the London Coffee-house, to Miss Davies, of Blackheath.

George Prefect, jun. Esq; banker, to Miss Susanna Long, daughter of Beeson Long, Esq; merchant, of London.

Uvedale Price, of Foxley, in Herefordshire, Esq; to Lady Caroline Carpenter, youngest sister to the Earl of Tyrconnel.

John Colquitt, Esq; of Liverpool, to Miss Martin, the only daughter of Samuel Martin, Esq; of Whitehaven.

Capt. Hay, of the Guards, to Lady Frances Hay, daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

John Russell, Esq; of Mortimer-street, to Miss Payne, of Belton-street.

John Hardy, Esq; of Farnham, in Surry, to Miss Sukey Newland, of South Warnbro'.

At Buntingford, in Hertfordshire, the Rev. Mr. Averis, to Miss Doowra.

Sir Wm. Middleton, of Belfay Castle in Northumberland, Bart. to Miss Monk, heiress, and only daughter of Lawrence Monk, Esq; of Caenby in Lincolnshire.

Charles Hill, Esq; to Miss Ruxon, of Colchester.

Rev. Thomas Mills, of Uxbridge, to Miss Farrer, daughter of Richard Farrer, Esq; late of Market Harborough.

Josef. Batin, Esq; of Park-hill, Hants, to Miss Purvis, daughter of the late Admiral Purvis.

Dr. Thomas Hammond, of Little Newport-street, to Miss Plenk, daughter of the late Jonken Plenk, Esq; of Long-Acre.

At Eton College Chapel, Mr. Wise, jun. attorney at law, of Wokingham, Berks, to Miss Pote, daughter of Mr. Pote, of Eton.

John Reids, Esq; to Miss Catharine Toote, second daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Toote, of Charlton place, near Canterbury.

The Rev. Dr. Hadden, rector of St. Dunstan's, Stepney, to Miss Tree, daughter of Boyce Tree, Esq; of Mile End.

Mr. Woods, attorney, of New-Inn, to Miss Barnard, daughter of Mr. Barnard, coach-maker to their Majesties.

At Bath, the Rev. Mr. Edward Cove, to Miss Maria Newcome, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Newcome.

D I E D.

At his house in Sackville-street, John Earl of Westmoreland, in the 46th year of his age. He is succeeded by his eldest son, now at the Charter-house school.

In France, at the age of 166, Jane de Quincamen, Baroness des Ventes.

John Fisher, Esq; one of the Directors of the Bank.

Thomas Kentish, Esq; aged 76, who served the office of sheriff for Hertfordshire in 1722.

At Twickenham, Col. Wm. Lister.

In her 23d year, the Lady of Peniston Downey, Esq; of Ives-place near Maidenhead. Suddenly, Wilberforce Reed, Esq; of Grimsby, near Pocklington, Yorkshire.

Thomas Lee, Esq; many years a commander in the India service.

At Madras, Capt. Isaac Florimond Ourry, commander of his Majesty's ship the Buckingham.

The Lady of Dr. Sibthorpe, professor of botany in the University of Oxford.

Major Wm. Forbes, late of the 35th regiment of foot, at Inverness.

The Princess Caroline, of Deux Ponts, in the 69th year of her age, at Darmstadt.

Aged 72, the Rev. Dr. Fogg, rector of Spoforth, and prebendary of York and Ripon.

The Rev. Mr. Artis, vicar of Ormsly with Scraby, and rector of Burch St. Margaret with St. Mary in Norfolk.

Mr. La Roche, wine-merchant, by a fall from his horse, in an apoplexy.

At Scarborough, Hugh Andrews, Esq; aged 74. William Campbell, Esq; formerly a Turkey merchant.

Mr. Henry Coles, of Tavistock-street.

Col. Charles Hasket Craig, Lieut. governor of Namur.

Miss Delafaye, a relation to Earl Fauconberg.

At Inverness, the Rev. Dr. Murdoch Mackenzie, minister of the gospel there, aged 74.

At Onear, Sir Wm. Euston Brent, Knt.

The Rev. Mr. John Lee, rector of Burton Crevy in Leicestershire.

At Boulorne, Richard Earl Bedford, Esq; late high sheriff of Surry, who went lately to France for the recovery of his health.

The Hon. Thomas Hamilton, second son to the Earl of Haddington.

At Hadley, near Banet, Mr. Hugh Ranfome, dissenting minister, aged 87.

At Kensington, the Rev. Mr. Herring, rector of Chevening in Kent, and Culliden in Surry; a near relation to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At Calcutta, in the East-Indies, aged 21, John Foster Williams, Esq; son of John Williams, Esq; of Newcastle upon Tyne.

His death was occasioned by the beam of a gallery falling on him.

At Frisbury, near Rochester, Mr. William Weston, one of the people called Quakers.

His death was occasioned by a mortification in his arm after being let blood.

At Putney, the Rev. Dr. Pettitward. His bladder was opened, and a stone weighing seven ounces extruded.

Mr. James White, many years a merchant of Portsmouth.

Mr. Tho. Price, attorney, of Abergevenny.

In the 92d year of his age, at Hackney, Mr. Allen Musford, who went round the world with the late Lord Anson.

Mr. Palmer, attorney, of Plympton, Devon.

John Wood, Esq; of Norwich.

At Croydon, the Rev. Mr. Lamb, master of the grammar-school at that place, and rector of Chipster, in the said county.

The Rev. Thomas Leigh, M. A. rector of Murton in Kent, and of St. Margaret's in Canterbury.

Thomas Huchinson, Esq; at his seat at Hatfield Woodhall, in Herts.

John Monk Morgan, Esq; aged 100, at his seat in Derbyshire. His fortune, which is very considerable, he has left to the Earl of Castle.

The Rev. Mr. Tuck, M. A. many years rector of Corlony St. Michael in Norwich, and Milton near that city.

The Rev. Mr. Minithorp, M. A. fellow of Clare-hall, Cambridge.

In the great Almonry, Westminster, the Rev. Dr. Simon Godfrey, M. A.

At Chertsey Abbey in Surry, William Lewis, Esq; of Jamaica.

The Rev. Mr. Thomas Cockshut, one of the prebendaries of Southwold, and rector of Barnborough in Yorkshire.

At Nairne, in Scotland, Allen Duncan, aged 112 years. He was in the rebellion in 1715 and 1745, both times fighting against the Pretender.

In great agonies, Frederick Leman, the person who amused the cattle-brutes to long with swallowing stones. His death is supposed to have been occasioned by the uncommon quantity he swallowed to gratify the curiosity of the gentlemen of Crane-Court.

Sir Charles Style, Bart. at Lady Viscountess Powercourt's, in Margaret-street.

Aged 102, Lady Bulkley, relict of Sir Dewey Bulkley, Bart.

At Purton in Wilts, aged 83, Neville Maskelyne, Esq.

The Hon. Edmund Malone, one of the Justices of the common pleas in Ireland.

In Ireland, the Right Hon. Somerset Hamilton Butler, Earl of Carrick, one of his Majesty's privy counsellors in that kingdom.

The Lady of Col. Welsh, of Southampton.

At Lisbon, (where she went for the recovery of her health) Mrs. Mary Bellamy, relict of Humphrey Bellamy, Esq; late of Warfield in Berks.

The Right Hon. Lady Mary Greathead, sister to his Grace the Duke of Ancafter.

At Goldwell-hall, Speenhamland, John Stone, Esq; one of the candidates to represent the county of Berks at the last election.

At Bath, John Kyffin, Esq; of Merionethshire, North Wales.

Wm. Braund, Esq; aged 78, a director of the Sun-Fire office, and formerly a director of the East-India company.

Stanfield Pearson, Esq; of Tottenham.

Benjamin Crockett, Esq; of Brompton.

Of a consumption, Brampton Colestone, Esq; a gentleman of South Wales.

At Mansfield in Nottinghamshire, William Sterne, Esq; first cousin to the late Rev. Mr. L. Sterne.

At the Pear in Devizes, on his way to Bath, Berry Ofgood, Esq; of Barnstable, Devon.

Mr. Oliver, chief justice of Massachusetts's bay.

**** Mowbray, Esq; of Cheshunt, in Herts.

At Ashley in Cheshire, Thomas Ashton Smith, Esq.

In Virginia, (where he had resided several years) aged 86, Sir Marmaduke Beckwith, Bart.

At Scarborough, aged 74, Hugh Andrew, Esq.

At Chichester, Mr. Drinkwater, surgeon and apothecary.

Mrs. Martha Peers, in Harton-street, sister to Sir Charles Peers, Bart.

At Bury, aged 73, Mr. Bryan Hill, who had been postmaster of that place many years.

At Epsom, aged 92, Mr. Swan, many years clerk of that parish.

The Rev. Mr. Fyne, rector of Combintinhead, Devon.

Aged 74, Francis Cabbot, Esq; of Southampton.

Mr. Mo. King, coachmaster, of Bath.

Mrs. Frances Ashfordley, relict of John Ashfordley, Esq; of Cheshunt, Herts.

In the Strand, Mr. Wilson, wine-cooper.

In his way to France, Peter Chwalte, Esq; of Golden-square.

Capt. Henry Adams, of Shrewsbury.

Aged near 80, at his seat at Shillerton in Dorsetshire. Nevil Moreton Pleydell, Esq; brother to the late member for that county.

Mrs. Locke, wife of Wadham Locke, Esq; attorney of Devizes, Wilts.

Mr. Dyer, of Covent-Garden Theatre.

At Barrowgate castle, in Scotland, Sir John Sinclair, of Mey, Bart.

John Baker, Esq; aged 64, Receiver-general of the Land-tax for Kent.

At Whitebury, near Salisbury, Capt. Riggs.

Mr. Hewson, surgeon, in the Strand.

Mr. John Roberts, attorney, of Castle-Yard, Holborne.

Mr. Thomas Lorme, aged 53, many years a merchant in Upper-Thames-street.

At Bath, **** Meine, Esq;

Mr. Joseph Glazier, coach-master, of Bath.

At Guernsey, Matthew Saulimarez, Esq; his Majesty's procurer or attorney-general of that island.

Mr. Palmer, attorney, of Trowbridge.

At Farnham in Surrey, Timothy Willoughby, a thatcher, aged 107 years.

ECCLIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Dr. Moïs, bishop of St. David's, to the bishoprick of Bath and Wells.

The Hon. and Rev. James Yorke, D. D. dean of Lincoln, to the bishoprick of St. David's.

Rev. Dr. Majendie, to the canonry of Windsor, vacant by the preferment of Dr. Dampier to the deanry of Durham.

Rev. Thomas Fountayne, M. A. to Dr. Majendie's prebend in Worcester cathedral.

Rev. James Bentham, M. A. author of the history and antiquities of Ely, to the rectory of Northwold in Norfolk.

Rev. Dr. Strachey, rector of Erpingham in Norfolk, to be chaplain to his Majesty, in the room of Dr. Dampier.

Rev. George Baylis Cornwall, B. A. to the rectory of Graiton Flyford, Worcestershire.

Rev. Mr. Hooper, prebend of Ely, to the rectory of Barley, Herts.

Rev. John Hepworth, M. A. to hold the rectory of Graffham, in Lincolnshire, with the rectory of Little Granden, in Cambridgeshire.

Rev. Tho. Toddington, B. D. to hold the rectory of Medburne, and chapel of Holt, with the vicarage of Stapleford in Leicestershire.

Rev. Wm. Newborough, M. A. fellow of Pembroke college, Oxford, to the living of Crendon, Wicks; vacant by the death of the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Bertie.

Rev. Dr. Davies, head-master of Eton school, to the rectory of Scaldwell, in Northamptonshire.

Rev. Charles Hope, A. M. to the living of All Saints in Derby.

Rev. Mr. Fawkes, vicar of Orpington in Kent, to the rectory of Hayes, with the chapel of Downe in Kent.

Rev. Mr. Thomas Money, to the rectory of Stratford in Suffolk, and of Bracon Ash in Norfolk.

Rev. Mr. Thoregood Upwood, to the vicarage of Stradsett in Norfolk.

Rev. Mr. Bellman, to the vicarage of St. Nicholas in Norfolk.

Rev. Mr. Watkin, fellow of New College, Oxon, to the rectory of Crux Easton, Hunt, void by the death of Dr. Burton.

Rev. Mr. Birch, B. D. fellow of Magdalen college, Oxford, to the rectory of Walsford, near Salisbury.

Rev. Wm. Collyer, B. A. to the vicarage of Warbury in Wilts.

Rev. Mr. Dixon, to the rectory of Brinkworth, Wilts, worth 400l. per ann. void by the death of the Rev. Mr. Sparrow.

Rev. Thomas Kitson, to the vicarage of Abbott's Keirwell, in Devonshire.

Rev. Mr. Cadogan, grandson to Lord Cadogan, to the vicarage of St. Giles in Reading, void by the death of the Rev. Mr. Talbot.

Rev. John Sandford, D. D. to the valuable rectory of Chelseld, with Farnborough annexed, in Kent, worth 300l. a year.

Rev. Mr. Stanhope Ellison, vicar of Thorpe, in Surry, to the rectory of Witleham, in Kent, worth 300l. per annum.

Rev. Mr. Addison, to the rectory of Eooton, in Norfolk.

Rev. Mr. James Flexman, jun. to the vicarage of North Metch, in Devonshire.

Rev. John Fisher, to the vicarage of Kirkoswald, in Cumberland.

Rev. Eusebius Cleaver, M. A. student of Christ Church, Oxford, to the rectory of Spojryth, in Wiltshire, worth 300l. per annum.

Rev. James Liptott, to the vicarage of Thorpe, in Surry.

Rev. Luke Robinson, M. A. to the rectory of Thirby over Car, in Yorkshire.

Rev. Mr. Clack, to the rectory of Whitestone, and the Rev. Mr. Norris, to the vicarage of Morebath, Devon.

CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

Right Hon. Lord North, to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Somerset.

The Right Hon. Charles Lord Cathcart, to be his Majesty's high commissioner to the general assembly of the church of Scotland.

Charles Coote, Earl of Bellmont of Ireland, to the dignity of a baronet of Great Britain.

The King has been pleased to grant the dignity of a baronet of the Kingdom of Great-Britain, unto the following gentlemen, viz.

Richard Clayton, of Adlington, in Lancashire, Esq; and in default of issue, to the heirs male of John Clayton, Esq; his late father;

Archibald Edmonstone, of Duntreath, Warden Hammer, of Hammer in Flintshire, Rich. Symons, of the Meend, Herefordshire, W. Lemon, of Carelew in Cornwall, Francis Blake, of Twissel Castle in Durham, Martin Folkes, of Hillington Hall, Norfolk, Wm. Jones, of Rambury Manor, Wilts, Wm. Montgomery, of Tyeedale, Phillip Gibbs, of Spring Head, Barbadoes, John Smith, of Sydling Saint Nicholas, in the county of Dorset, Esqrs. And

Charles Raymond, of Valentine House, in Essex, Esq; and in default of issue, to W. Durrell, Esq; and his heirs male.

Heizel Le Merchant, Esq; to be procureur of Guernsey, in the room of Matthew Souffmarez, Esq.

Serjeant Burland, to be a baron of the Court of Exchequer, in the room of the late Baron Adams.

Mr. Grose and Mr. Adair, to be serjeants at law in the court of common pleas.

The Hon. Mr. Stanhope, nephew of the Earl of Chesterfield, to be a Capt. in royal navy.

Mr. George Gough, to be steward of Greenwich hospital.

Capt. Francis Richards, to the command of his Majesty's ship Alderney, at Portsmouth.

Dr. Burgess, to be one of the physicians to St. George's hospital, in the room of Dr. Ferris, resigned.

Walter Pye, Esq; to be purse-bearer to the Lord Chancellor.

From the London Gazette, April 30.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

From April 12, to April 23, 1774.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

Wheat. Rye. Barley. Oats. Beans.

s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d.

London 5 11 3 1 3 4 2 1 3 4

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex	6	0	3	6	2	5	3	9
Surry	6	3	3	5	3	7	2	5
Hertford	5	11	3	3	0	2	5	4
Bedford	6	2	4	5	3	8	2	3
Cambridge	6	0	3	3	6	2	2	3
Huntingdon	6	1	3	3	9	2	2	3
Northampton	7	2	5	5	4	3	2	1
Rutland	7	1	4	4	6	2	1	3
Leicester	7	3	5	2	4	7	2	2
Nottingham	6	6	4	6	4	0	2	6
Derby	7	1	4	4	8	2	6	4
Stafford	7	6	4	8	4	8	2	6
Salop	6	7	5	4	4	2	5	5
Hereford	6	11	4	4	5	2	2	4
Worcester	7	1	4	8	4	8	2	8
Warwick	7	2	4	4	1	2	7	4
Glocester	7	6	3	10	2	4	4	7
Wiltshire	6	10	3	5	2	5	4	7
Berks	6	6	3	7	2	6	4	0
Oxford	6	8	3	10	2	7	4	5
Bucks	6	6	4	0	2	6	4	1

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex	5	10	3	5	3	7	2	2
Suffolk	5	10	3	0	3	3	2	1
Norfolk	6	4	3	4	0	2	4	3
Lincoln	6	5	4	2	3	7	2	0
York	6	6	4	8	3	6	2	3
Durham	6	5	3	3	3	2	1	3
Northum.	5	9	4	2	3	2	2	3
Cumberland	6	4	4	0	3	1	2	3
Westmorel.	7	0	2	9	2	1	4	3
Lancashire	6	9	3	3	2	3	3	5
Cheshire	6	10	4	4	2	4	2	4
Monmouth	6	7	3	7	1	10	4	3
Somerset	6	10	4	0	3	7	2	1
Devon	6	3	3	3	1	7	3	10
Cornwall	5	9	3	2	1	2	8	4
Dorset	6	9	3	0	2	2	4	6
Hampshire	6	1	3	3	2	4	4	1
Suffex	5	10	3	1	2	3	3	8
Kent	5	11	2	11	2	2	3	5

From April 11, to April 16, 1774.

W A L E S.

North Wales 5 10 4 9 3 6 1 10 3 5

South Wales 5 9 4 7 3 3 1 7 3 9

Part of SCOTLAND.

Wheat. Rye. Barley. Oats. Beans. Big.

5 8 3 5 2 8 2 2 2 10 2 3

Published by Authority of Parliament,

W. COOKE.

PRICE of STOCKS, May 4.

Bank stock, 140. India ditto, 146. South sea, shut. Ditto Old Ann. 84 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto New Ann. — 3 per cent. Bank Ann. req. shut. 86 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto Conf. 60 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto 1726, 85 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto 1731, —. Ditto India Ann. 71 $\frac{1}{2}$. 3 1-half per cent. 1758, 89 $\frac{1}{2}$. 4 per cent. conf. 90 $\frac{1}{2}$. India Bonds, 38s. prem. Navy & Vict. Bills, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ disc. Long Ann. 25 $\frac{1}{2}$.

BRANSCOMBE and Co. Stock Brokers.

At their Lottery Office, No. 3, H. Mart.